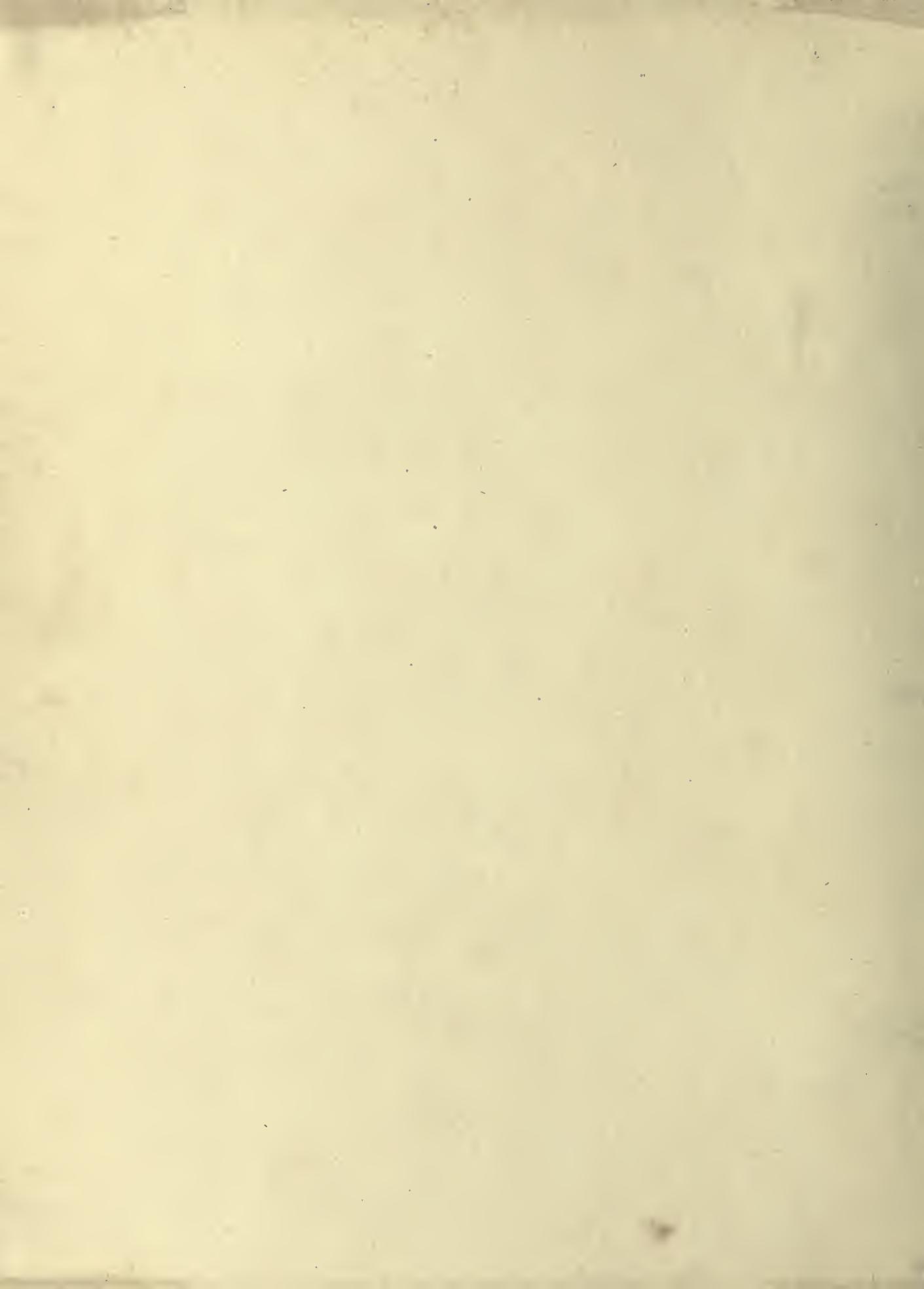
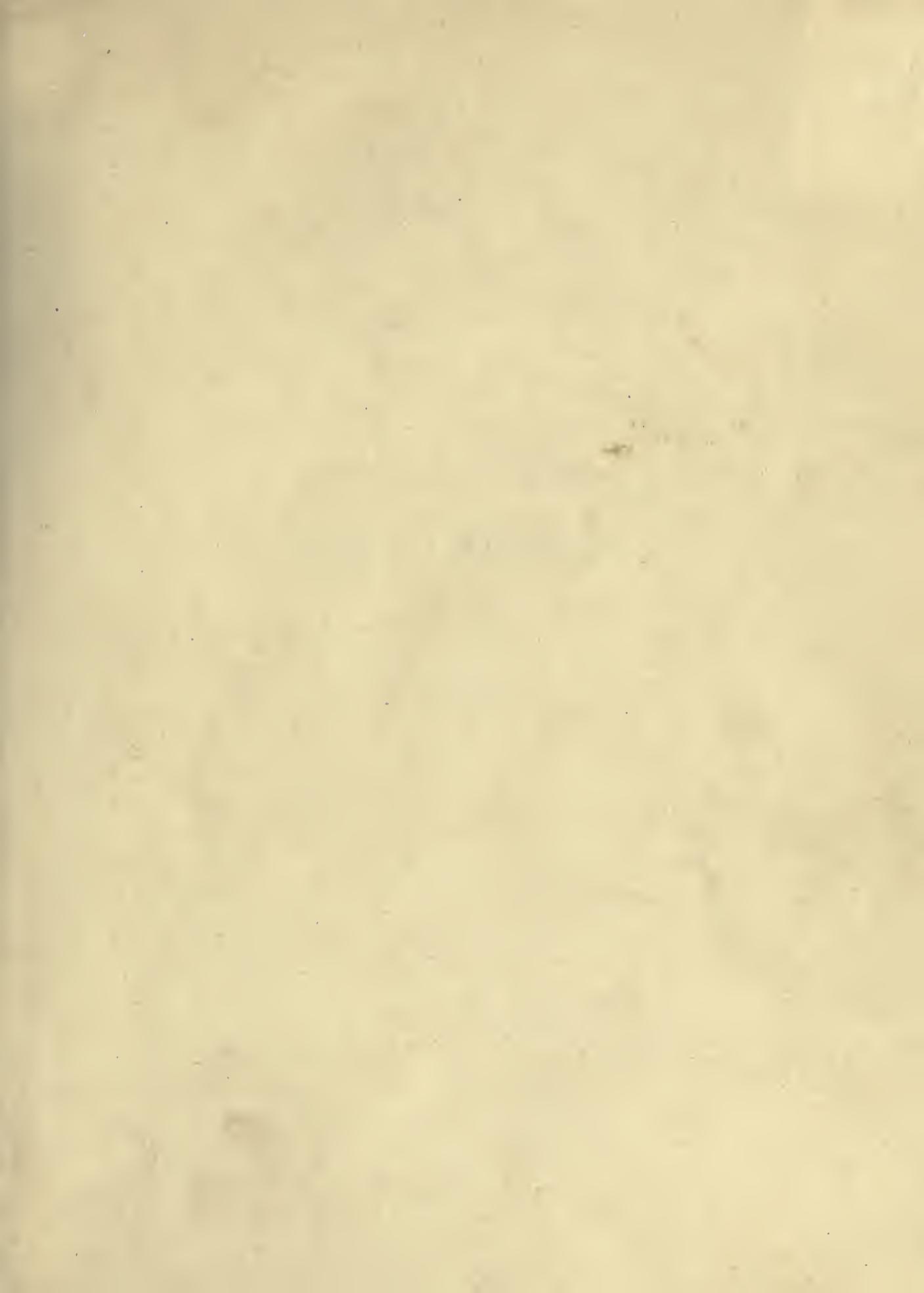


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The Thrush



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The Thrush

A Periodical for the
Publication of Original Poetry

Edited by T. MULLETT ELLIS

Vol. I. 1901

London

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.



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Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers,
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The Thrush

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.



THE editor of THE THRUSH has pleasure in submitting to the public the first number of a periodical which will be published henceforth on the first Saturday of every month.

There is, we believe, a large public ready to welcome the expression of beautiful ideas in poetic form and of strength and truth through the medium of beauty. Now that the mass and million of the people are able to read, the time may be ripe for the issue of Poetry in a popular form and at a price within the means of the poorest. There are signs of an awakening of the people to an appreciation of things of joy and beauty. The revival in England of a vigorous art in sculpture; the spread, in the provinces at least (and especially in the North), of a loving regard for music, so keen that it is a factor in the national life; and the undoubted power and freshness exhibited by modern painters are symptoms that must be marked with delight. Amongst us there are unquestionably many sweet singers, possessors of poetic genius. We cherish the hope that by the establishment of a periodical exclusively devoted to the publication of Verse, we shall be able to popularise an enjoyment of poetry and to confer upon multitudes who love green silences in summer-time and cosy quiet firesides when winter nights are long, the delight of companionship, through our pages, with the Poets of a new century, harbingers of the hope that comes at every dawn.

It is unfortunately true, that amongst those who cater for the intellectual food-supply of the nation, there are many only too eager to minister to the more vulgar demands. Much of the common issue is coarse to grossness, degrading to Letters and injurious to the public taste. It is hoped that men of influence and leading, and especially educationalists of all creeds and classes, will do their best to encourage us in our venture. We desire to foster in the masses an appreciation of poetic expression; to nurture beauty in their souls; to elevate their ideas; to exalt them to highmindedness, and to attune their critical faculty and their mental ear to the reception of all the loveliness that is expressible in exquisite Song.

For the people of these favoured islands are, by the grace of God, naturally receptive of the poetic spirit, although evil influences have conspired to dull their ear and corrupt their instinctive tendency to all that is spiritual, mystic, beautiful. The healthy sports, of which all sound Englishmen are fond, are not inimical to the tender side of intellectualism. May all

PREFACE

that is manly and English in sport progress! But let the idea perish that beauty and strength are inconsistent. Long may our Poets strike their harps in praise of the combat and of all that is glorious in the athletic life! We are lovers of everything gracious and of everything strong in art or in nature, and would encourage all beauty, whether in marble or in limb; but above all, the profound elemental spirit of beauty which is truly an emanation of the Divine, and without which no material or tangible creation can exist, either apparent in some obvious shape of delicate proportion, or in the visible splendour of colour, or through the medium of balanced phrases and rhythmic words.

We have already secured contributions from some of our most eminent poets, and are able to assure our readers of a continued supply. The modest contents of this our first number, intentionally brief, may in future issues be extended. But we do not propose to make promises as to the quantity of our production. We believe our wares will henceforth be of high quality, and we desire to sell them at a cheap price so that they may go into the cottages of the poor, where they will be well thumbed. A breath of country air will open with our pages and bring to the workman in close city pent the scent of the meadows, the purity and freshness of the moors, the sweetness of flowers, the exhilaration of the sea, and the conscious presence of exalted things.

Our February number will contain a fine ode, entitled "Rose o' the World," by Miss Nora Hopper; eleven stanzas by Mr. Norman Gale, named "The Milky Way"; a short lyric, "Remonstrance," by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, and some verses by Mr. Harold Begbie, or, in lieu of these, other carefully selected work. Poems by Mr. William Sharp and the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley will follow.

Although our intention is to present usually the work of those poets only whose reputation is established, we invite contributions from capable writers in the hope that fortune may discover to us some work of singular merit; but MSS. will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope, and even then we accept no liability. All communications must be by letter only, addressed to the Editor.

The price of this little publication is so small that it is within everyone's means. We trust many of our readers will fill the enclosed order form, and by sending it to their newsagent render us assistance in what we believe to be a good work for the benefit of the People. In these days of our Prosperity let us have an outburst of song. Let our land again be "Merrie England," that we to whom Empire is given may carry smiles and gaiety to the ends of the Earth.

Come then! Let us take hands! Up! let us to the gardens where the harpers sing! Let us scan the horizon, for the day is breaking. A rare melody is in our ears, the intense and tremulous voicing of great aspirations. Hush! The song of birds mingles with the murmurs of souls awakening, expecting, and hope stirs our eager spirits, for a new century is born.

Contents of No. I.

I. SONNET.—SHELLEY.

By RICHARD GARNETT, C.B. LL.D., Keeper of Printed Books, British Museum (1899); Editor of "The Library of Standard Literature"; Author of "Primula: a Book of Lyrics"; "Io in Egypt"; "Poems from the German"; "Relics of Shelley"; and "One Hundred and Twenty-four Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, Camoens," &c., &c.

II. LYRIC.—THE WAY OF IT.

By WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, Editor of "The Magazine of Art"; Author of "A Book of Verses"; "The Song of the Sword"; Editor of "The Works of Lord Byron," &c.

III. SONNET.—SOLITUDE.

By SISTER EMILY HICKEY, Joint Founder of the Browning Society; Author of "Verse Tales, Lyrics and Translations"; "A Sculptor and other Poems," &c.

IV. ODE.—THE THRUSH.

By T. MULLETT ELLIS, Author of "Reveries of World History," &c., &c.

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Shelley.

EAGLE of Song, whence came the strength to thee,
On spacious air launched forth with strenuous wing,
Thus effortless to glide on voyaging
O'er Earth's domain and the unfooted sea?
Or from Light's portal inaccessible
The lyric torrent of thy soul to fling,
With melodies of Heaven disquieting
Earth's little choristers of lawn and lea?
Phœbus unfold, for surely not without
Some gracious aid it pleased thee to extend
To altitude so vast could Shelley rise.
I hope so, says Apollo, but I doubt.
Myself in rivalry a lay have penned,
But have not published, and therein was wise.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE THRUSH

The Way of It.

IT came, the news, like a fire in the night,
That life and its best were done;
And there was never so dazed a wretch
In the beat of the living sun.

I read the news, and the terms of the news
Reeled random through my brain
Like the senseless, tedious puzzle and boom
Of a bluefly in the pane.

So I went for the news to the house of the news,
But the words were left unsaid,
For the face of the house was blank with blinds,
And I knew that she was dead.

W. E. HENLEY.

Solitude.

(A picture by Lord Leighton.)

O'ER the gray rocks, like monarchs robed and crowned,
High tower the firs in swart magnificence,
Where, winter after winter, vehemence
Of the wild torrents' rush, unstayed, unbound,
Hath scooped and worn the rocks ; till so profound
The deep pool's depth that all the gazer's sense
Fills with the absolute dark-brown night intense.
The swirl of the rapid current hath no sound.

By the high grandeur of the silence wooed
Into its bond of comradeship, a maid
Sits with great quiet on her bosom laid,
Not on the vast unknowable to brood ; |
Only to wait a while till, unafraid, |
She meet the Spirit of the Solitude.

EMILY HICKEY.

The Thrush.

OH sovereign songster of the hawthorn bush !
Sweet, warbling thrush !
Love's royal ecstasy is in the note
That from thy throat
Endows the freshness of the waking morn,
And gaily tells another day is born.

Sweet! sweet! oh, sweet the twitter of thy song.
I listen long.
Mine ear is haunted with my Lady's name.
It is the same
That thou dost sing ; its repetition is
The magic secret of thy minstrelsies.

Hop from the blossoms whence thy song resounds
Whilst my soul bounds.
Come from the may whose perfume fills the breeze,
And let the trees
Take up the morning chorus thou hast led,
Whilst I thine echoes hear awake, abed.

Ah, tireless chorister, for hours and hours
Her name is ours.
Love's troubadour art thou who pipes her name.
My heart's aflame,
Exulting in an amorous delight
Of the fair word thou chantest with thy might.

THE THRUSH

Thy voice is clear and full, thou bard supreme!

Inspired, I dream.

Thine echoes rouse the woodland though 'tis noon,

Though it is June;

And still the glory of thy song's the same—

There is no music but my true love's name.

Thou art a garden-lover as she is.

The clematis

Lays its large purples o'er the mavis' nest,

Whose song is best

When rose and mint and mignonette combine

A fragrance all so pure it is divine.

I hear thee in the fields where wild flowers bloom,

And in the gloom

Of shady oaks and hazel copses still

I hear thee trill.

The fern-lined rivulet hath overheard

And caught the echo of the heavenly word.

I do not note thy brilliant glancing eye,

As in the sky,

On the green bough 'twixt heaven and earth, thou swingest

And ever singest,

As though thy passionate heart would burst its bound

In an exultant psalm of resonant sound.

I do not see thy gaily speckled breast,

Thy leopard vest.

I only mark thy palpitating throat,

Whose various note

In one delicious harmony doth rise

With my dear love's sweet praise to Paradise.

THE THRUSH

Thy mouth hath golden edges that its rim
May gild thine hymn,
For thou art servitor of her ; and it
Is always fit
To offer her from dish and vase of gold,
As queens are served with praises manifold.

Thou feed'st upon the Druid's bough in time
Of frost and rime.
The magic berries for which lovers long
Inflame thy song.
Kiss-laden, then, thy lyrics seem to flow
Freighted with glamours of the mistletoe.

Thy nest I've seen, well lined with mud and moss,
Balanced across
On sprigs of leaf, with twigs, in cunning art.
But my full heart
Recks nought of thee but this—that thy sweet mood
Gives to my soul a melody of food.

There is a miracle of emerald,
A chestnut called,
Where white-robed choristers on tip-toe stand
A blossom band ;
(A choir of angels blossomed on the tree),
But in the boughs thou lead'st their minstrelsy.

The wren's, the linnet's and the blackbird's note
Fain would I quote,
For theirs accompany and serve thy voice,
As they rejoice
Yet pipe but intervals between the heights
And exultations of thy dear delights.

THE THRUSH

Thy song is like a waterfall of sounds
 Within green bounds ;
Like a cascade of liquid gems and light
 That from a height,
In passionate harmonious excess,
Leaps through cool ways within a wilderness.

Would I could set me down such thoughts of her
 As thou dost stir :
The un-communicable thoughts repeat
 Thou sing'st complete !
Would that my language had thy words divine
That I might harp such poetry as thine !

Thy simple strains are full of ardent fire,
 Of high desire ;
They rise impassioned as I dumbly hear
 Thine heart sincere,
Until thy dwindling fervours sink to less,
To lulling tones of lute-like loveliness.

Thou art never done throughout this day of joy
 In thine employ.
I love thee, love thee, bird. I love the note
 That now doth float
On evening's tired and heavy ear at rest,
Soothed in a lullaby upon thy breast.

Thine hymn at eve is sweeter than at dawn ;
 My smooth green lawn
Moistens thy throat with dews ; thy stress with tears.
 The twilight hears,
And wraps her mantling lace and veil of mist,
Song-summoned, over her whom I have kissed.

THE THRUSH

And when the hush of night lulls all to rest,
And thou dost nest,
Stilled in the solemn quiet of the glade,
All un-allayed

Mine ear is ravished yet beneath the moon
Haunted with echoing morn and afternoon.

For thy perpetual, commanding prayer
Thrilled the high air,
And now 'tis still and dusk I dream it yet.
Who could forget

Thy plaintive gaiety of yester night ;
The joyous trill that hailed this morning's light ?

The scented mantle on the hawthorn gay
Told it was May.

The new-mown grass with dying flowers was strewn,
So it was June.

The old year passed, new January came ;
But Spring or Winter, still thy song 's the same.

The slow drawn mists, the pearly grey forlorn,
Said it was morn.

I gazed, and heard thy raptures in the sky ;
The sun was high.

And when the eventide o'ertook the day,
Or morn or even, still the same sweet lay.

MULLETT ELLIS.

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IN future numbers of THE THRUSH the following poems will be published :—

Epic.—*The Milky Way*, by Norman Gale, author of “A Country Muse” (2 vols.), “Orchard Songs,” “A June Romance,” &c.

Poem.—*Rose o’ the World*, by Nora Hopper, author of “Under Linden Boughs” and “Songs of the Morning.”

A Lyric.—*Remonstrance*, by Mackenzie Bell, author of “Spring’s Immortality,” “Christian Rossetti: A Biographical and Critical Study,” “Pictures of Travel and other Poems.”

Hereafter, by C. Hamilton Aidé, author of “The Danube River,” “Remember or Forget,” and other poems.

The Last Lullaby, by Laurence Alma-Tadema, author of “Realms of Unknown Kings.”

Wordsworth’s Grave, by John Hutchinson, Keeper of the Library of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple; contributor to Dictionary of National Biography; author of “The Legend of Hereford Cathedral,” and of many poems and other works.

The Prince’s Quest, by A. Perceval Graves, M.A., Hon. Sec. Irish Literary Society, author of “Father O’Flynn,” “Songs of Killarney,” &c., and of contributions in verse to “Punch,” “The Spectator,” “Literature,” “The Athenæum,” &c.

The Week’s Landmark, by Robert Dennis, Editor “Daily Express.”

A Sonnet—*Milton 5 a.m.*, by Victor Plarr, M.A., Librarian of the Royal College of Surgeons, author of “In the Dorian Mood.”

The Song of the Soul, by W. S. (on the recommendation of Israel Gollancz, M.A.).

A Spring Song, by Helen M. Burnside, Designer to Royal School of Art Needlework, Editor to Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Co.; author of “Driftweed,” “Her Highland Laddie,” “The Little V.C.,” “The Deaf Girl next Door,” &c.

Cantique from “Athalie” (Racine), newly translated by Robert T. Cooper, M.A.

The Unknown Guide, by Sarah Doudney.

Debarred and two other short lyrics by Francis Prevost, War Correspondent with Earl Roberts’ Forces, author of “Melilot,” “Fires of Green Wood,” and other poems, but better known as the author of the interesting prose work entitled, “In the Web of the War.”

To the Very End, by Clifton Bingham, author of a thousand songs.

The Nest: A Darwinian ‘Lay of To-day’, by Arthur Patchett Martin, Editor of the “Melbourne Review”; author of “Lays of To-day,” “The Life and Letters of Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke,” “The Withered Jester and other Verses.”

A Lyric, by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of New College, Oxford; Professor of Greek, Glasgow University, author of “Andromache: a Drama,” and other works.

A Translation from the Portuguese of Anthero de Quental, by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D.

PREFACE

Works from the undermentioned Poets will appear in subsequent issues:—

The Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, Dean of Armagh, author of "Sacred Poems."

The Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley, author of "Sonnets from the Coast," "The English Lakes," &c.

The Rev. W. J. Dawson, author of "A Vision of Souls," "Savonarola: a Drama," &c.

Arthur Symons, Editor of the "Savoy"; author of "An Introduction to the Study of Browning," "Days and Nights," "Silhouettes," "Amoris Victima," &c.

Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D., Assistant Librarian British Museum, author of "Firdausi in Exile," Verse on "Viol and Flute," "King Eric," "The Cruise of the Rover," &c.

Herbert Morrah, Editor of the "Literary Year-Book," author of "In College Groves and other Oxford Verses," &c.

Keble Howard, author of "A Love Thread," and other poems.

Israel Gollancz, M.A., Lecturer Eng. Literature, University of Cambridge.

William Canton, author of "A Lost Epic," and other works.

Aubrey St. John Mildmay, B.A., author of "Poetical Works."

Edwin Hamilton, M.A., M.R.I.A., Member of the Royal Irish Academy, Chairman of Dublin Dist. Institute of Journalists, author of "Dublin Doggrels," "Ariadne: A Drama," &c.

Bernard Capes, author of the "Lake of Wine."

Justin Huntley McCarthy, author of "Serapion," "Hafiz in London," "Harlequinade," &c., &c.

Lady Florence Dixie, author of "Abel Avenged."

Annie Matheson, author of "Love Triumphant," "Selected Poems," &c.

Sir Lewis Morris, M.A., Hon. Fellow Jesus College, Oxford, Vice-President University College of Wales; author of "Songs of Two Worlds," "Epic of Hades," "A Vision of Saints," &c.

William Sharp, General Editor of "The Canterbury Poets," author of "The Human Inheritance," "Earth's Voices," "Flower o' the Vine," and many other poems.

Charles Whitworth Wynne (whose brief verse commences this number) will contribute from time to time occasional lyrics and sonnets.

We gratefully acknowledge contributions of Verse from other writers too numerous to mention. These will receive the most careful consideration in due course. Any work that may be sent in will be judged solely on its merits (one thus sent appears in this number), and if up to the high standard we seek, we are prepared to purchase the copyright before publication.

We trust we shall not seem to lack courtesy towards those who are kind enough to send us contributions if we now announce that in future we cannot return any verse that may be voluntarily sent us. We think it is not troubling intending contributors too much to ask them to keep copies of anything they may send. The custody of miscellaneous MSS. is an embarrassment. Contributors are requested to address—The Editor, 28, Essex Street, Strand, London, by letter only; to sign their manuscripts; to state thereon their name, address and occupation, and the price of the copyright; and to retain copies of MSS.

Contents of No. 2.

V. ELEGY.—VICTORIA. *January 22.*

By CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE, Author of "AD ASTRA"; "Songs and Lyrics," &c.

VI. POEM.—ERIN'S ADIEU.

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, M.A., Hon. Sec. Irish Literary Society, Author of "Father O' Flynn"; "Songs of Killarney," &c.; and of contributions in verse to "Punch," "Literature," "The Spectator," "Athenæum," &c.

VII. ELEGY.—QUEEN VICTORIA. *Obiit January 22nd, 1901.*

By MACKENZIE BELL, Author of "Spring's Immortality, and other Poems"; "Pictures of Travel, and other Poems"; "Christina Rossetti: a Biographical and Critical Study"; Contributor of many critical articles to the Poets and Poetry of the Century, &c.

VIII. DIRGE.—QUEEN AND MOTHER.

By FRANCIS PREVOST. War Correspondent ("Morning Post") with Earl Roberts' Forces; Author of "Melilot," "Fires of Green Wood," and other Poems; and of "In the Web of the War."

IX. POEM.—THEIR SHRINE.

By KEBLE HOWARD, Author of "A Love Thread," and other Poems.

X. STANZAS.—THE WATCHWORD.

By The EDITOR.

XI. POEM.—FEDERATION.

By G. H. WITHERS.

XII. BALLAD.—KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

By HAROLD BEGBIE.

XIII. QUATRAIN.—ENGLAND.

By CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE.

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Victoria.

HER reign: how shall we reckon it?

By years, or by achievement?

Her loss: how shall we season it

By tears of sad bereavement?

God gave us, of his gifts to this fair Isle,

A virgin Queen, proud and invincible;

God gave us too a Prince, to reconcile

Her heart to Queenly Rule.

Of their pure love, a noble progeny—

O Sovereign Monarch, blest all Queens above!—

Three generations on that royal knee

Have claim'd a Mother's love.

THE THRUSH

And if, too early in her life was known,
The Sorrow that alone makes desolate :
She stood as one, whom ages shall enthrone
As ruler of her fate.

To God she bow'd : and from His Hand she took
The grievous chastisement of later years.
Her faith in His GREAT PURPOSE never shook,
'Mid shattering hopes and fears.

And now, she waits the Angel of His Peace,
With happy eyes turn'd towards a happier morn,
For never Soul long'd more for its release
Than hers, so bravely borne !

CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE.

January 22, 1901.

THE THRUSH

Erin's Adieu.

BECAUSE one fountain of thy race
We joyed to trace to Erin's shore,
What time their fateful Crowning Stone
Thy sires to Scone from Tara bore;

Because thou hadst thy home of homes
Where Heaven endomes the Highland hills,
And ever mingling mirth with pain
The authentic strain of Gaeldom thrills;

But most because, their graves above
Who for thy love and Erin's fell,
Thy breast and her's in mournful pride
Beat side by side with sister swell—

Our Irish hearts took sudden fire
At thy desire to seek our shore,
And *Cead mille failte* from the wave
To thee we gave with league-long roar.

THE THRUSH

And ever more our hearts grew thine
Through April shine and April shower,
Till rich and poor and old and young
Blessed with one tongue thy tender power ;

Until, dim-eyed, we stood to mark
Thy stately barque o'er ocean fade ;
Yet felt, whate'er might loom beyond,
A deathless bond between us made—

Deathless to us and all who still
With thy glad will go Christward on—
Deathless—what though to thy long home
Thy call has come, and thou art gone.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE THRUSH

Queen Victoria.

Obiit January 22nd.

By MACKENZIE BELL.

THE musician Grief

With mystic power hath played upon the heart,
And, through the heart, hath opened wide the door
Of that most sacred sanctuary—the soul.
Each of us is an instrument ; and each
Is, in some notes at least, diversely strung
From all our fellows ; yet in this we know
One harmony of universal love.

We seem to see

The wintry woods around thy “palace walls”
Above the tossing Channel, fraught with much
Of Britain’s story, and we think of him,
Thy friend, our Tennyson, whose “clear call” brought
“No moaning of the bar.”

Once we remembered that thou wert for us
The mighty Personage whose reign hath seen
A grandeur greater even than the days

THE THRUSH

Of Shakespeare and of Ralegh ; that to thee
We owed wise counsel, fruit of toilsome hours
Of patient thought, and converse with the men
Of genius who have graced our commonwealth
For three and sixty years ; a queen whose realms,
Rich with the spoils of Science, had grown strong
With valiant Colonies which girt the world.

To-day we deem that thy long, blameless life
Hath aided, under God, our race to grow
The noblest on this earth.

And now—and now,
We pray not for thee, but pray for ourselves :
With thee 'tis well.



Our Little Life.

JUST a breath upon the flower ;
Just a smile, a kiss, a moan ;
And the Watchman tolls the hour,
And our little life is done.

THE THRUSH

Queen and Mother.

With the dead their glory sleeps,
Fade the deeds of days more spacious;
Love secure thy memory keeps,
Since, unwearying, thou our gracious
Queen wast mother
To the land which round thee weeps.

FRANCIS PREVOST.

THE THRUSH

Their Shrine.

CARRY her tenderly:
Our Queen—who reigned for sixty years:
Who gave our land the name it bears
For Truth, for Unity, for Strength:
Weep on, proud people: grudge no tears!

Carry her tenderly to her shrine.

Lay her down lovingly:
Our Queen—so pure, so true, so strong:
Whose love of right, whose scorn of wrong
Ensweetened all the paths she trod:
God, grant her name be honoured long!

Lay her down lovingly 'neath her shrine.

Close the doors rev'rently:
For, waiting her with outstretched hands,
Her love, her well-belovéd, stands—
Her love, whose name she ne'er forgot:
They meet again in sweeter lands!

Close the doors rev'rently on their shrine.

KEBLE HOWARD.

The Watchword.

THE Splendour and the Glory of the day
Sinks in effulgence through the gates of night.
The stately Presence goes the eternal way
And ends a radiant destiny—in Light.

Stricken and dumb and desolate—a tomb ;
Earth is a place of darkness and salt tears,
Where none can pierce the universal gloom,
Where nought but sorrow, nought but grief appears.

Yet, mourning world ! a voice ; a hopeful voice,
In sad but resolute accents through the grey,
Sounds a brave note and sorrowing we rejoice
In our profoundest hour of deep dismay.

Unto the grieving Peoples comes the word—
Watchword for hearts afflicted, minds distressed.
The Son of Her who was, His people heard—
“Duty ! In duty shall our grief find rest.”

Thus spake He. He, the heaviest-stricken one,
Swore “to devote His strength whilst life shall last
To do the arduous duty”* now his own,
And emulate the Glory that is past.

* “I trust to Parliament and the Nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life.”—*The first Speech of His Majesty Edward VII., January 23rd, 1901.*

THE THRUSH

So the great Admiral of All the Seas*
Hands on his signal watchword through the years,
E'en when the People sorrow on their knees ;
E'en when the Crown is suffering in tears.

“ Duty ” ! the sailor cried in his high mood ;
“ Duty ” ! the girl-queen echoed—and obeyed ;
“ Duty ” ! She simply said : “ I WILL BE GOOD ! ” †
And how She kept Her word Her life hath said.

Our Sovereign Lord the King takes up the phrase ;
Fulfils the golden word before our eyes.
The darkness passes as we sound his praise,
The gloom is clearing. Lo ! the Sun doth rise !

MULLETT ELLIS.

* “ England expects that every man this day will do his duty.”—*Lord Nelson’s historic signal to the British Fleet.*

† At the age of eleven, when the Princess Victoria was apprised of the great position she would some day inherit, she was almost overcome with the possibilities of her destiny, and ejaculated again and again with great earnestness, “ I will be good. I will be good.”

Federation.

WATCHERS of England's Empire, have your eyes seen the flashes of light

That leap and are gone in a moment, suffusing the curtain of night?
They spring from the fiery vapours of the soul of our world-wide race
As they melt into orbs of order to take their appointed place.

Have ye heard the murmur of music that trembles from sphere to sphere?

The throb of the hearts of our peoples—has it fallen on the listening ear?

Oh Thou, who when time flowed onward with silence to brood on its flow,

Didst fling on the void without limit the fires that held in their glow

The seeds of that which is breathless, the seeds of that which hath breath,

The seeds of the life immortal on which open the doorways of death,
Mould, we pray Thee, these souls to Thy fashion, enlighten their orbs with Thy face,

Lead them forward to circle around Thee, supported and drawn by Thy grace;

May they show by the tests Thou appliest some trace of Thy glories divine,

May justice and mercy and truth be the tributes they pay to Thy shrine;

Then, when they have finished their course, re-cast them in Heaven above,

To dwell as Thy spirits for ever in the light of Thy marvellous love.

G. H. WITHERS.

Kitchener of Khartoum.

O THE dashing work is over and the drums and flags retire,
And our city-ways are thronging with a populace afire,
And the heroes have been greeted and the laurel has been twined,
But, they haven't all turned homeward—there's a man who's left
behind.

For the Field which War has stricken will not grow the golden
grain

Till we've drawn the iron harrow o'er its trampled soil again ;
And the cities may have fallen, and the Flag be at its goal,
But there's work for him who's watching ere the wounded land is
whole.

The drums are hushed, the foe is crushed,
And who will call to mind,
Put up a prayer, or raise a cheer
For him who's left behind ?
Whose sword must win, ere Peace begin,
The battle yet unwon,—
The man who's left behind to do
The work that's left undone.

THE THRUSH

You may shudder at the stories that are whispered with his name,
You may wish the wings of angels were the pinions of his fame,
But the men who won your Empire by the strong and patient
deed

Were the silent grim-eyed Saxons, England's stern cold-willed breed.
Man of iron they may call him, a machine unchecked by soul,
Ah! he may not please their fancy in the hero's genial rôle,
But for long, nerve-racking labour, sleepless watch, relentless plan,
They will choose the desert's victor, and they know that he's the
man!

In War's romance, the long lean lance
 Puts stubborn foe to rout,
But rust eats steel—an iron heel
 Must stamp rebellion out;
And bitter work he will not shirk
 With chivalrous decree—
The man we've left behind to hold
 A perjured land in fee.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

THE THRUSH

England.

BE just and generous! Fear not Thou
That Kindness may be vain—
Tho' Winter frown from bough to bough
The April buds remain.

CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE.

January, 1901.

The Thrush

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.



WE have pleasure in submitting to our gentle and other readers the third number of this periodical.

We commend to attention the remarkable list of able writers, contributors to our magazine, whose names appear on the second and third pages of our cover.

Poetry is the utmost expression of the human intelligence, and must ever rank as the first branch of literature. Having obtained the support of so many eminent men of letters, and ours being the only serial which is devoted exclusively to the publication of Poetry, we may fairly claim that no periodical published holds so high a place amongst serial issues as our modest little venture—THE THRUSH. From a strictly literary standpoint it is paramount.

We have to thank the Press for the genial approval with which many of the better journals have greeted us, and for the encouragement they have extended to us in our difficult enterprise. There is a spark of Poetry in every human soul. Nearly every man (and certainly every woman) has a favourite verse, or is haunted by occasional echoes of some half-remembered hymn. In moments of joy or sorrow such refrains touch the human heart and wake its music. There is more tenderness in men than cynics wot of. Hard worldlings are prone to attribute more coarseness to mankind than is due. We believe in Human Nature.

And because it is a commonplace that "Poetry does not pay," we are grateful for any good word that facilitates our endeavour to bring into the lives of the People ideas of Beauty and the high-minded thoughts of honoured men. It is pleasant to be able thus to acknowledge the encouraging reception we have met from a generous Press: but we have suffered no little abuse from certain sections less kindly disposed. We do not quarrel with those well-conducted journals which satirize us in mannerly fashion—the good-natured badinage of *Punch*, that flourishing evergreen whose rich humour never deviates beyond the bounds of good taste; nor the clever verse in *The World*, and other publications which have made fair sport of us. To the sallies of scholars and

PREFACE

gentlemen we take off our hats, and we return them our courtesies. Our reference is to those who ignore the high traditions of English Journalism, and substitute for the light weapons of delightful ridicule the bludgeons of scurrility.

Poetry is very trying to the vulgar. Long before Keats was killed by *The Quarterly*, or the less sensitive Byron writhed under the lash of Scotch reviewers (and ever since), Poetry has been the taunt of men whose malicious delight it is to "sling ink." As a red rag is to a bull, so is a poem to the Minor Pressman.

It would be a curious enquiry to endeavour to ascertain what quality of mind it is that becomes so enraged at the mere mention of verse, and almost crazy at the jingle of rhyme. This peculiar anger is not provoked by the mere versifier only. Tennyson and Swinburne exasperate to equal bitterness, and probably the Poet Laureate has been lately the butt of more abuse than any living Englishman.

Yet such an enquiry would not be worth while: it would be so dull. These Hooligans of Journalism do not polish their gibes: they write with no wit, their abuse indeed rarely rises to the semblance of a jest, and has no sparkle. We turn to the Saturday Reviewer. Here, surely, one may look at least for style. But no: he gnashes his teeth and bites his quill, so overcome by malice that he even forgets his grammar. But perhaps his passion stimulates a feeble circulation, and stirs the low pulsation of his senility. What a sad spectacle of decay! One thinks of the slashing blade of yore, and grieves that this palsied hand has lost the old dexterity. Cynics have no right of being unless they can snarl. In this kennel the dogs are too old.

Enough. We pass on with pity, but also with a smile. If our critics can find nothing of delight and joy in the creations we are about to set forth, and (to be definite) in the Poems of this our March number, how sorrowfully should we look down upon them, and how imperfect their minds must be who are beyond the pale of this happiness!

Let us not retaliate, then. The world is too gay for quarrelling—or too sad. The Spring-time is coming—is here. Earth is breaking into song, and awakes to laughter in a myriad flowers. Let taunts and flouts go by. Let us induce our revilers to share our admiration of primrose and crocus, and be touched to sympathy by Nature's gentle voices of love and happiness. Let them join with us in the gaiety and glory of life, and partake of the fruits of genius we have gathered together. The banquet is spread. Let all come to it who will.

Contents of No. 3.

XIV.—SONNET.—TO THE KAISER WILHELM

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, Author of "Father O'Flynn."

XV.—POEM.—ROSE O' THE WORLD.

By NORA HOPPER, Author of "Under Linden Boughs" and "Songs of the Morning."

XVI.—POEM.—THE SONG OF THE SOUL.

"Lift up your hearts." By W.

XVII.—POEM.—THE LAST LULLABY.

By LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA, Author of "Realms of Unknown Kings."

XVIII.—EPIC.—THE MILKY WAY.

By NORMAN GALE, Author of "A Country Muse" (2 vols.), "Orchard Songs," "A True Romance," &c.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

The Thrush.

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.



To the Kaiser Wilhelm.

WHEN She, our best and dearest, unto death
Lay drooping, till Her royal chamber's gloom
Grew to one woeful earth-wide ante-room,
Where mourning myriads watched with quick-caught breath—
From far Thou camest, generous Germany,
To win the last fond greeting from Her lips,
Then with our Edward through Her booming ships
And minsters lead Her funeral pageantry.
In bond of which most solemn-linking fetter
Of filial grief, our hearts are Thine henceforth.
Thou knowest us now; yet much are we mista'en
Still by Thy lieges. Teach them, Sire, to better
Like Thee their knowledge of our kindred worth,
And set two proud realms at one again.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Rose o' the World.

ROSE o' the world, how shall we win her?
She will not stay for saint or sinner.
The sea-sand printed by her feet
Remembers her, how strange and sweet
She went and came, as comes and goes
The crimson glory of the rose,
The purple that the iris shows.
The wind remembers how it flung
Broadcast her hair, the bramble clung
And tore a tatter from her gown
To comfort it when leaves fall brown.

But none of these herself is keeping :
To think of it the rain is weeping
Cold tears ; the wind is crying shrill,
That her gold hair slipped through his hands ;
And, whimpering, he drives the sands
Across the beach and up the hill.
Ye could not keep her—peace, be still !
For she was born of the desire
Of wandering wind for wandering fire,
Of lightning for the flying scud—
And Change is wrought into her blood.

Of our desire she has no knowing,
Our voices are like dead leaves blowing
After her on an autumn day.
What woman for a leaf would stay ?
Yea, we are all as thistledown
Or far-off murmur of a town—

THE THRUSH

Or leaves that other dead leaves drown.
But this one comfort we may have—
All men crave vainly what we crave :
She that denied us still denies
All pleading lips, all eager eyes.

Gray misers count their gains for losses
What time her passing shadow crosses
Their dusty thresholds ; kings cast off
Their crowns and their gold armour doff
And count as vanity their pride.
But no man standeth at her side
And takes this woman to his bride,
King, miser, minstrel, shepherd, groom—
To love and follow her's their doom.
To follow her and know not e'er
If she has seen them following there.

The Nixies in the forest-pool
For her have left their shadows cool—
And where her footsteps went and came,
The meadow-grass is scorched with flame,
And Nixie-women curse her name.
The Dryad-people tear their hair
Because the elms and oaks are bare,
Having cast down their leaves to make
The wood-path golden for her sake—
The roebucks hearing her go by
Have left their does and follow nigh.

Rose o' the world, if we should follow
As faithfully as spring the swallow,
Wilt thou not ever slacken pace,
And let us look thee in the face,

THE THRUSH

Ere to thine own appointed place
Thou goest back, and we are left
Disastrous creatures, dream-bereft?
Rose o' the world, dost thou not hear?
Is there a spell upon thine ear
That thou art deaf to us, as we
Are blind and deaf to all but thee?

Rose o' the world! Her voice comes slow.
"I neither bade thee come nor go;
Why didst thou follow after me?"
Thou wert too beautiful to be
A wanderer over earth and sea.
Stay with us, with our love be fed.
"Nay, I should eat of bitter bread."
Why wert thou given to our eyes?
"I neither know it nor surmise."
Why all so suddenly withdrawn
Like the first flushing of the dawn?

"I know not this, but it may be
The unattainable for thee
For ever keeps its beauty free
From Time, whose spoiling fingers stain
All flowers he gathers from the tree.
And there's no truth made clear and plain,
Remembered like that hint that lies
Across the trouble of the skies,
Five-coloured, where the rainbow dies.
I am most generous that refuse:
No man shall win me—no man lose."

NORA HOPPER.

The Song of the Soul.

"Lift up your hearts."

IN dim-lit caves 'neath primeval waves
Our wondrous course began,
When first God's Word the dead atoms stirred
To fashion the form of Man.
By ways most strange, through chance and change,
We climb to an unknown goal,
Till faint and far there broke like a star
The dawn of the Human Soul !

And since the first gleam of that faltering beam
On the world's thick Darkness rose,
Through the blood and the tears of a million years
The glory gathers and grows.
Though death, sickness, and pain, through long æons may reign,
Though folly and wrong endure,
Though faith's embers burn dead, though our high hopes be fled,
The lamp of man's race shines sure.

For aye with strain of the waking brain,
And stress of the working hand,
As our Poets have taught, as our Heroes have wrought,
We win to our Promised Land.
From height to height through the lagging night,
Where our noblest Few have trod,
Our faint steps we urge to Time's last dim verge,
Where man shall be nearest God.

W.

THE THRUSH

The Last Lullaby.

SONNY, my son O !
Where shall our bed be ?
Under the bracken or under the pool ?
Summer is green still ; yet there where the dead be,
Babes never weep—and the water is cool.

Birdie, my bird O !
Safe in your nest now,
No one will pillow you, babe, when I'm gone ;
Father has fled to a perilous breast now,
We two must kiss and be merry alone.

Lammy, my lamb O !
Far beams the light there—
Silken her shift is and golden her gown ;
Star in the turret will twinkle all night there—
Here in the dark you and I must lie down.

Sonny, my son O !
Where shall dawn wake us ?
High in the bracken or low at the ford ?
Softest the bed whence the angels will take us,
Mother to Mary, and babe to his Lord.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

The Milky Way.

WHEN Jesus in His heavenly bower
Was yet a child of lovely mirth,
God told Him of another flower
He wished to plant upon the earth ;

And asking if the boy desired
To go with Him a-wayfaring,
He saw the beauteous features fired,
And made Him room beneath His wing.

They sped together through the bands
Of many a monarch in the sky ;
And Jesus clapped His little hands
As eager comets hurried by.

At last in Eden's groves They trod
The lawn of Man's deserted dower,
And, sighing very deeply, God
Took from His breast the Passion-Flower.

'Twas planted. And afresh the Twain,
Where garlands made of planets twined,
Flew in a mist of starry rain ;
But Jesus, marvelling, lagged behind.

THE THRUSH

The Father, musing on His world,
Swept grandly o'er the glittering space ;
Himself had all these planets hurled,
Himself had spun the nebulous lace.

So deep His thought of human weal,
Of Paradise by sin defiled,
The King and Maker did not feel
His wing no longer roofed the Child.

But when He knew His Son was gone,
He turned Him round, and bent His eyes
To where the Boy in beauty shone
Among the rainbows of the skies.

God bridged the distance by a look,
Till, dazzled by the glorious beam,
The eyelids of the Saviour shook,
And petals fluttered from His dream.

Forgetting Eden's dusk and dew,
The thornless roses and the springs,
Along the road of light He flew,
And brushed against His Father's wings.

That glance of love immortal kept
A strip of heaven as white as may ;
And where the bridge of wonder swept,
Men point their sons the Milky Way.

NORMAN GALE.

The Thrush

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.

EDITED BY T. MULLETT ELLIS.



OUR present issue contains more than one work which must take an abiding place in English literature. We may mention that the poem by Mr. John Hutchinson is the more interesting because it is written by a nephew of the poet Wordsworth. There is an appropriateness in the production of the poem this month, for in April Wordsworth was born, and in April also he died.

In May we shall publish a ballad by the Rev. W. J. Dawson, entitled "The Home Coming of Blake;" "The Vigil," by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland); some verses by the Hon. Mildred C. Davey; "Hereafter," by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, other pieces not yet selected, and a poem of much interest by Lady Margaret Sackville.

The demand for our Édition de luxe (sumptuously printed, price half-a-crown) renders it necessary for us to intimate that it must be ordered early, otherwise the supply of a copy cannot be guaranteed.

Many letters have been addressed to us from persons who find difficulty in obtaining the ordinary edition of THE THRUSH. If they will give written orders to their Bookseller or Newsagent to deliver it to them every month they will doubtless obtain it. We trust it may be regularly exposed for sale on the bookstalls, as a serial of such high character as ours deserves to be, so that casual wayfarers may obtain it with ease, and become acquainted with the pure thoughts and high-minded ideas of the many eminent writers who contribute to our pages.

There is a wealth of beauty in the works of the Poets of our own day, but little of this is known to the general reading public. We have accordingly

PREFACE

inaugurated a "SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF THE WORKS OF LIVING POETS" and the cult of modern Poetry. Small coteries of students have been already formed here and there throughout the country, under the guidance of ladies and gentlemen interested in Literature who have kindly consented to act as Honorary Secretaries and to form centres. Small reading parties meet once a week and enrol members. There is no entrance fee or subscription. The only qualification for membership of the Society is a desire on the part of those who join to seriously read and study the work of the poets of our time. Several of these coteries or circles have been already founded, and we shall be pleased to hear from anyone who desires to form the nucleus of another. Such volunteers will oblige if they will kindly state what qualifications they may possess for assisting us to inaugurate such a branch. Enthusiasm for Poetry and a power of initiative are the only essentials.

The works of Swinburne and William Watson, besides those poets whose original work we have ourselves published, and whose books we have mentioned in former numbers, are those which we first especially commend to our reading parties for present study.

As the "SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF MODERN POETRY" takes root bye-laws may be issued for its guidance; but at present it is a society of spontaneous origin without any rules whatever. As the Society progresses we may be able to arrange with publishers to grant special terms to members for the acquisition of the works of modern poets, and many developments may follow. Tangible prizes and encouragement may be given to those who help our work, although those who take an interest in the beauty and grace of life and who desire to baffle the prosaic elements which surround and too much absorb us have in that interest their chief delight and abundant reward.

We are more than ever anxious to receive contributions of verse from unknown writers (see Rules on cover). If their work be of striking merit and original quality it will certainly be accepted. We address ourselves especially to those who live by Labour. We long to hear an inspired voice from the Factory or the Forge. Amongst the millions of our working population what power survives of poetic expression?

Contents of No. 4.

XIX.—A LYRIC.

By GEORGE GILBERT AIMÉ MURRAY, M.A., LL.D., Fell. New Coll. Oxford ; Prof. of Greek, Glasgow Univ. ; Author of "History of Greek Literature," "Carlyon Sahib," a Play ; "Andromache," a Play, &c.

XX.—POEM.—BY WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

By JOHN HUTCHINSON, Keeper of the Library of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple ; Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland and College of Preceptors ; Author of "Aricoula," "The Legend of Hereford Cathedral : a Poem," &c., &c.

XXI.—ODE.—CONFESION.

By The Hon. ALBINIA BRODRICK.

XXII.—CANTICLE.—OUR LADY.

By WALTER ROTHWELL.

XXIII.—POEM.—THE CRYING OF WATER.

By ARTHUR SYMONS, Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Browning," "Days and Nights," "Silhouettes," "London Nights," "Amoris Victima," "Images of Good and Evil," &c.

XXIV.—STANZA.—DAFFODILS.

By N. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

XXV.—SONNET.—PEACE.

By GEORGETTE AGNEW.

XXVI.—FRAGMENT.—PRIMROSES.

XXVII.—ODE.—THE MAGDALENE.

By W. B. WALLACE, B.A.

XXVIII.—LYRIC.—TO THE VERY END.

By CLIFTON BINGHAM, Author of A Thousand Songs.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers,
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A Lyric.

SHE walked in the morning air
When the sun was happy and high;
A white rose fell from her hair;
She saw and she passed it by.

And I thought: "Shall I bow my head
For a thing cast lightly away?"
"I will stoop for her," I said;
"But not for a dead rose spray."

But back in the print of her feet
I came amid winds and snows;
And I kissed the stones of the street,
But where was the rose, the rose?

GILBERT MURRAY.

THE THRUSH

By Wordsworth's Grave.

SAID Nature—"In that Isle to be my care,
Washed by the Northern and the Western sea,
One spot shall be beyond all others fair,
Of my creations the epitome.

"There will I gather, within narrow bound,
All forms of loveliness my hand hath framed;
All things of beauty that on earth are found
By me conceived, unnumbered and unnamed.

"There mountain heights shall pierce the changeful sky,
Alpine in grace, but of Alp terrors shorn;
Whilst lake-lit vales between shall shining lie,
Lovely as Scotian glens, but less forlorn.

"These will I clothe with garments of delight,
Soft, shadowy woodlands, robes of heath and fern,
Mysterious moorlands, emerald hollows, bright
With sun-shed gleams, or sad in shade in turn.

"And there shall clouds from my Atlantic's bed
And his far-stretching firths and crescent bays
Hang crowns of glory round each mountain's head,
As morning breaks, or fade the evening's rays.

"And there, by lonely tarns whilst Silence dwells,
And misty moors, the valleys will I fill
With sounds more musical than evening bells—
The cataract's roar, the dream-songs of the rill,

THE THRUSH

“The lake-wave’s lap amongst the slumbering reeds,
The night-wind’s breathings through the soaring pines,
And, sweeter still, the sounds which Silence breeds
Within the ear as day to night declines.

“But never there shall come the tristful sounds
That tell of labours grim of crowds compressed
In flaming cities—banished from its bounds
Being aught that ‘smacks of noyance and unrest.’

“Like that fair realm, indeed, by him, my wight,
Create, whose words I utter, shall it be ;
Save that therein shall stand no ‘Castle hight
Of Indolence,’ ‘home of false luxury.’

“For in its rock-bound valleys will I breed
A race of men congenial to its soil,
Industrious, frugal ; holding, as a creed,
Nought worthier in life than honest toil ;

|| “A race from warriors sprung, yet given to peace ;
Calm in their mien, albeit of passions strong ;
Simple in manners, void of artifice,
Steadfast for right, intolerant of wrong.

“And from this race of men, this race of mine,
One will I choose, simple in life as they,
But gifted with the faculty divine
Reserved by me for those of finest clay ;

|| “The faculty of insight deep and keen
Into my works and ways—my works unknown
To hearts by me untouched—my ways unseen
Saving by eyes which I direct alone.

THE THRUSH

“Him will I choose, in my good time, to be
Unto his fellows in that region fair,
And all who crowd its loveliness to see,
My prophet and my mind’s interpreter;

“To read to all, as from a page outspread,
The lessons of the earth and of the sky;
Truths hid, and those writ large, though oft unread—
The primal truths which round all footsteps lie:

“That Heaven is everywhere, and Happiness
No rare Hesperian fruit, Fortune’s award,
But God’s good gift to all—to him no less
Who tills the soil than him who is its lord:

“That he to noblest height of good hath wrought,
Who in his daily life hath most combined
‘Plain living and high thinking,’ recking nought
What Fate abstracts, so he leave peace behind.”

* * * * *

So Nature spake; and, standing by his grave,
His modest grave, abordering (as he willed)
The murmurous margin of his Rothay’s wave,
I recognised her prescient words fulfilled.

For there, I marked, came pilgrims many a one,
From lands afar no less than from Home shires—
From the young realms beneath the Western sun,
And where, on Austral plains, by “Station” fires,

THE THRUSH

Men turn his pregnant page, pregnant as pure,
Lessons of love and tenderness to find,
Or con, nor con in vain, for solace sure,
The musings of the "dedicated mind."

Silent they came, to gaze with reverence
Upon the simple stone which bears his name—
His name, no other record—passing thence
With reverent steps, as silent as they came.

This seeing, to myself, consoled, I said—
"Much Nature promised, even more she gave;
Her prophet still, to all he speaks, though dead,
Her truths eternal from the silent grave."

JOHN HUTCHINSON.



Confession.

I DID not come to you whole-hearted,
Dear Love, did you know?
One day, long ago,
I and my poor heart were parted.

Where Surrey's fragrant, blue and kind hills
Kiss the sunset sky,
There my heart doth lie,
Bosomed on the breast of wind-thrills.

THE THRUSH

Where the deep, mysterious Pine-gloom
 Frames the Gorse's gold,
 Where, in wealth untold,
Heather flushes into wine-bloom.

Where the Hawthorn snow is falling,
 And the Cherry bride
 Droops in modest pride,
While the distant cuckoo's calling.

Where the grace and tender glory
 Of sweet-scented night,
 Shame the mellow light
Glowing under cloud brows hoary.

Fast she holds my heart in keeping,
 Whispering o'er the sea,
 "Child, remember me."
Mother, hush! and spare my weeping.

Surrey, binding, keeps for ever,
 Looses not again,
 Save with bitter pain—
Heart's delight is bondage never.

Dear, you will not grudge my rapture?
 She was first to woo—
 When you know her too,
You will be her slave by capture.

ALBINIA BRODRICK.

THE THRUSH

Our Lady.

OUR Lady looked upon the silent world
And on a snow-white Sleep, who softly curled
Upon a maiden's breast, with pinions furled.

Our Lady looked upon a boy at rest
Out on a ship. His face was fair and blest.
The crossed spars cast a cross upon his breast.

Our Lady read the future of the twain ;
Worship of earthly gods and bitter pain
Of sin—heart-anguish as their gods lay slain—
And tides of life that ebb and stars that wane.

Our Lady stood beside the maiden's bed.
Sleep never wakened as above his head
A radiance gleamed—and left him but the dead.

Our Lady led, in pity from the sea,
The living soul. It hung in agony
Over the dead, and kissed it tenderly.

Our Lady smiled (as one who conquereth).
The soul grew pallid with the icy breath.
At sea, the cross fell on the face of death.

WALTER ROTHWELL.

THE THRUSH

The Crying of Water.

O WATER, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,
All night long crying with a mournful cry,
As I lie and listen, and cannot understand
The voice of my heart in my side, or the voice of the sea,
O water, crying for rest, is it I, is it I?
All night long the water is crying to me.

Unresting water, there shall never be rest
Till the last moon droop and the last tide fail,
And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west;
And the heart shall be weary, and wonder, and cry like the sea,
All life long crying without avail,
As the water all night long is crying to me.

ARTHUR SYMONS.



Daffodils.

PALE, in the sunlight, shining o'er the hills;
Rocked by the breeze's gentle sigh to sleep,
There grows a clump of yellow daffodils,
Close on a reedy pond; and fairies peep
Above the waterlilies, where they rise,
To watch the cloudlets in the azure skies.

N. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

Peace.

SLOW sinks the sun amongst the western hills,
Up the long fields the shadows creep and spread,
Over the sky a fleecy web is shed.
Hark—in the distance babble little rills;
Murmur of evening all the woodland fills,
Birds upon homeward flight have poised and sped,
Day with its hopes and toils lies hushed and dead:
Nature with her own rest the soul instils,
Voices of children ringing clear and sweet,
Breath of the zephyr hanging motionless,
Perfume of flowers wafting unto night :
Thou, too, belovèd, making peace complete,
Thou, with the smile I know to ease and bless,
Thou comest to greet me in the mellowing light.

GEORGETTE AGNEW.



Primroses.

SPECKLE the hedgerows brown and bare ;
Open your laughing eyes and wake,
And make the hazel copses fair,
And stud the margins of the lake.
Oh, we have longed, sweet flowers of Spring,
Longed for the sunshine, longed for you.
Now are you here, oh, joy ! and bring
Love in your wake to kiss us too.

The Magdalene.

I WAS a sinner of the city, Lord ;
I wallowed in that sin by Thee abhorred
Above all sins ; yet now on bended knee,
I pray for mercy, Jesu mild, to Thee.

The merchants filled my house with merchandise,
With costly garments bathed in Tyrian dyes,
With golden goblets rough with starry gems,
With spikenard, and with pearl-sown diadems.

The beauty of my body brought me gain ;
The sorrow of my soul brought aching pain ;
Mem'ries came o'er me salt as Dead Sea brine,
And in my cup tears mingled with the wine.

By day I wandered aimless ; the bright sun
Poured on my shameless head a malison ;
For in the glitter of the pure noon-day
My sin a darker shadow cast alway.

At night I lay amid the flambeaux' glare,
Rage in my heart and roses in my hair,
While danced and laughed and feasted the light throng,
While flowed the wine and swelled the impassioned song.

What misery was mine ! to wear the mask
Of feignèd love, to enter on a task,
Night after night, of foul hypocrisy,
Smiling when all the springs of joy were dry.

THE THRUSH

Smiling on those I scorned, whose paltry gold
Could buy, they thought, what ne'er was bought or sold.
Bodies and souls in Tyre and Babylon
Men buy and sell ; love is unbought alone.

But now all this is over ; love has come—
Such love as wand'ring exiles bear their home,
Such love as fainting souls feel for high Heav'n,
Such love as causeth sins to be forgiv'n.

One day I heard how in the Temple Thou,
Lord of the sinless life and stainless brow,
Did'st stoop from sunlit heights of purity
To raise a sinning woman such as I.

A revelation was that tale to me
Of life, of hope. O Lord, that glimpse of Thee
Left an eternal summer in my breast,
So late a wintry sea of dark unrest.

My shameful life is as those hideous dreams
The soul encounters by sleep's midnight streams ;
'Tis of the past ; the dazzling morning star
Rouses the sleeper, drives the phantom far.

Lo ! from this box of alabaster fair
I pour the costly unguent on Thy hair ;
And with these tresses, once a harlot's crown,
I wipe Thy feet, soiled with the dusty town.

Thus henceforth, Lord, I dedicate to Thee
This throbbing heart, with its intensity
Of love long dormant, love nigh choked by hate—
Yea, thus my life to Thee I consecrate !

W. B. WALLACE.

THE THRUSH

To the Very End.

I do not ask that I may find you peerless,
You whom I hope some future day to meet,
If you but walk this world upright and fearless,
If you be kind, if you be brave and sweet !
In sorrow tender, and in all things, friend—
Then I will love you to the very end !

I would not wish you in all grace excelling,
If you are gentle, tender-souled, and true,
If in your words and deeds there shall be dwelling
Beauty unseen, I shall see grace in you.
Be strong of heart, whatever fate may send,
Then I will love you to the very end !

I do not ask that fortune shall surround you,
Or that you wear Fame's fair and golden crown,
Be high or low your place when I have found you,
I at your feet will lay my true heart down !
Then hand in hand we two our way will wend,
And I will love you to the very end !

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

The Thrush

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.

EDITED BY T. MULLETT ELLIS.



THE Poem in this issue Numbered XXX. is a translation by Dr. Richard Garnett, who writes the following note upon it:—

"Anthero de Quental (1842—1891) is considered the most eminent modern poet of Portugal since João de Deus. His poems consist almost entirely of sonnets. Sixty-four of these have been translated by Mr. Edgar Prestage in a volume published in 1894, and versions of seven by me were published in Vol. 13 of 'The Yellow Book.' The lines now translated, though there is little substance in them, are exceedingly admired by the author's countrymen for their melody and sweetness. Senhor A. de Aranjo, Portuguese Consul at Genoa, has published a little volume containing numerous translations of these into almost all the languages of Europe and into several Asiatic and dead languages."

"The Vigil," by Lady Gilbert; "Blake's Homecoming," by the Rev. W. J. Dawson, as also other poems promised our readers in May, must stand over till June for want of space. In response to our appeal last month, we have verses from some amongst the working class, and further contributions from this source will be most welcome.

We commenced our periodical with the twentieth century, and there are signs that we have entered in many respects on a new time. May it be an era of progress and happiness! The blight of Calvinism has lasted too long in England. Let us awake to the joy of living, and partake of the gaiety of this beautiful world. On this first of May it would be pleasant to see the children dancing round the maypole and to frolic with them—but there is no maypole left in all "merrie England." With the accession of King Edward VII. there might be a revival of this pretty old pastime. It is but a small instance of most needed reforms that are imperative.

In a few days the Royal Academy will open its treasure-house to the people, and there will be no lack of beauty there. In Painting, in Sculpture, and in Music, as also in Poetry, our country lacks not able practitioners; yet how many of them are almost starving! The encouragement of the Arts is one of the most crying needs of the day. We trust that all who labour in the joy of the production of beautiful things will make their power felt as much for the sake of England as for the sake of Art. Amongst other rights, we have rights in the enjoyment of loveliness, and a popular participation in beauty should be more general. But no rights are obtained nowadays unless wrung from our too heavily burdened Parliament by clamour, and thus forced from authority by earnest men united in a determination to obtain their object.

We appeal to the Conservative Party, to the upholders of law and order, to favour and foster these legitimate aspirations, and to strengthen their hold upon the people by drawing these influences to their support.

In every considerable town throughout the country there ought to be every year a Royal Academy Exhibition on a smaller scale, and in these, and even in many villages, a permanent picture-gallery for lovers to loiter in when it rains. How much

PREFACE

longer are the people to be driven to drunkenness for alternative of shelter? How much longer are so many artists of capacity to suffer privation? The Government, through the municipalities, should foster all the intellectual rights of the people. But private enterprise may do much.* Rich benefactors would not be reluctant to give a picture gallery to their native town, nor others slow to endow it with paintings, especially in encouragement of local talent. They have but to be asked with sufficient courtesy.

The promotion of Free Libraries has been a step in the right direction; but one step only. It is time that the State be compelled to do something for Music—time that every town had its municipal band of skilled musicians. The National Opera House subsidised by the State should not be longer delayed. Now is the time to effect these great public boons by a combined effort on the part of artists, art-lovers and all true patriots and philanthropists. All money so spent will come back to the national till. Excepting Architecture, which a misguided commercialism has suffocated under a plague of advertisements, all the arts are vigorous in England.† If encouraged they will yield no grudging dole to commerce, if neglected our manufactures, and consequently our trade, will indubitably suffer.

We rejoice at the announcement that Mr. John Lane is to publish a guinea book entitled "Poets of the Younger Generation." Our attention was drawn to this as "a rival work." Rival! Mean expression of a petty mind! We delight to welcome such an addition to Literature. The names already published are a guarantee that the book will be well worth a guinea, and we recommend our readers to "save up" and purchase it. It is certain to contain much that will be admirable.

Our Society for the Study of Modern Poetry inaugurated last month progresses. The author we indicate for special study this month is Mr. William Canton. "To Nature-lovers and to child-lovers his verse will make a special appeal." We are ourselves promised a contribution from Mr. Canton's pen, which will be published in these pages. The exquisite work of this Poet is too little known.

Some of our readers may like to keep our periodical for binding. The true test of Poetry is—can it be read and read again and again? If so, it is worth carefully keeping. Cloth gilt reading cases for the preservation of THE THRUSH can be had (*through any booksellers*) from Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., price One Shilling and Ninepence each.

An Édition de luxe of THE THRUSH, sumptuously printed, is published every month, price half-a-crown per copy.

The only way to obtain THE THRUSH *punctually* is to order its regular delivery by your Newsagent, Fourpence per month.

* It was very gratifying to hear, through Sir E. J. Poynter, that "the King had expressed his felicitations to Mr. Waechter on his recent gift of Petersham Eyot to the public, and that it was with the greatest pleasure that he heard that the wonderful view from Richmond Hill had been saved by his action from the cruel disfigurement with which it was threatened." We trust the Conservators of the River Thames will keep in mind this expression of His Majesty's opinion, which accords so fully with the popular feeling, and that they will do what lies in their power to prohibit the defacement of river scenery. As the President of the Royal Academy well said: "The River Thames is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and every effort should be made to preserve its beauties." Unless something is done, however, its lovely banks will soon become a dreadful panorama of advertisers' sign-boards. But such disfigurement of rural scenery has become shockingly frequent in many of the prettiest places in England.

† No self-respecting man can remain an architect under prevalent conditions in England, for his production is sprawled over with insults of advertisements even as it takes shape before his eyes. The best thing the new President of the Royal Institute of Architects could do, to mark his year of office, would be to privately inveigle and publicly behead some advertising pill-manufacturer or other offender, using a mediæval axe with a jagged edge. We prescribe the weapon because it would prolong the agony, and thus mitigate the offence.

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XXX.—VERSES.—QUENTAL, ANTHERO DE.

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XXXI.—SONNET.—TOLSTOI.

By E. TINDAL-ATKINSON.

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By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

XXXIII.—STANZAS.—HEREAFTER.

By HAMILTON AÏDÉ. Author of several ballads; "The Danube River"; "Remember or Forget," &c.

XXXIV.—FRAGMENT.—"AVE MARIA, GRATIA PLENA."

By WILFRED DRAYCOTT.

XXXV.—TO THE NAVY LEAGUE.

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London and Tonbridge.

The Thrush.

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.



Sonnet.

NOT for the greed of gold nor lust of land
Didst thou, my England, flesh thy tardy knife,
Nor rive the strong man from the anguished wife
To glut a blaze which Envy's breath had fanned.
Ne'er had Gain's whispered counsel nerved thy hand
To desperate largesse of thy fairest life,
Ne'er hadst thou doomed thy dearest to the strife
For all Pactolus' wealth of aureate sand!

Nay, not the blinding flame of frenzied hate,
Nor the slow smouldering of a stifled pride,
Could fire the train that waked thy blasting might:
'Twas Pity for thy martyred nurslings' fate,
'Twas Love, that blinded thee to all beside
Thy younger sons' inalienable right!

ARCHIBALD T. STRONG.

THE THRUSH

From the Portuguese of Anthero de Quental.

BLEST, who through life in reverie hath past,
Unwitting of its pinings and its throes,
Lightly as shade on flowing waters cast,
And passively as opes and shuts a rose.

In likeness of a dream thy life was drest,
Obscurely limned with vague and tender hue;
Awakening thou didst smile, and turn to rest,
Dreaming the interrupted dream anew.

R. GARNETT.



Tolstoi.

THE voice of one who cries upon the shore
Across an ever-widening human sea,
Whose waves are wistful faces: manfully
Cries a new teaching, urging evermore
A love of man to man unthought before,
A pride of life, a pride of poverty,
A claim to follow nature's liberty
And cast behind the slavery of yore.
The hand of one who 'mid the marching years
A flag of faith in proud unfurling flings
About a weary people, till with breath
New stirring 'neath the shadows of old fears,
They see a fair young hope with outstretched wings,
A spirit rising from the dust of death.

E. TINDALL-ATKINSON.

Harmodius and Aristogeiton.

(*The Tyrant-Slayers. Athens, 514 B.C.*)

WE yield our lives for the life of Athens, for the life of Athens
our strong blood ran
With sudden wrath through our veins, like fire, like flame no
bounds may contain or span—
The curse of a tyrant's lips its fuel, made quick and keen in the
heart of man.

Our lives are linked with the storm-god's anger, born of the
winds and the waves are we;
We drink the wine of the morning's brewing, our feet are swift as
the foam-plumed sea—
As the clouds in the drift of the tempest driven, as the light's
fierce pinions our souls are free.

And therefore a city which knows not bondage, we claim the soil
of a kingless land,
Before whose ramparts and ship-filled harbours, their swords'
strength vanquished, the foemen stand,
Within whose walls are warriors and freemen, not hounds that
flatter a tyrant's hand!

Athens! a cup for the high gods' pleasure wrought, and filled to
the brim with wine,
Golden nectar the years have vintaged to quench the heat of a
thirst divine—
From strange fruits gathered in secret vineyards—the burning
juice of a mystic vine!

THE THRUSH

Tremble lest in their large displeasure the gods, grown wrathful,
shall downward fling
Their cup polluted, and all its beauty shall grow accursed and a
nameless thing—
A worthy gift for a bondsman's giving, meet for the hand of a
bondsman's king.

Yet we twain whom the gods have kindled, we have struggled
and overthrown
The tyrant, yea, in your tyrants' faces a deadly wind from the
North has blown.
Rejoice, O Athens! the seed is scattered—your hands shall gather
where we have sown.

Harvests shall wave in your barren pastures, your sterile plains
shall be heavy soon
With shining crops, and all hearts shall gladden, all lips shall
sing as your lips keep tune
To the sough of your scythes as your lithe limbs labour, and
your souls are strong in the heat of noon.

They will bind our bodies with iron fetters, about our limbs will
the keen fire play,
And torture shall feed on our flesh and sere us, and hunger
ravish, and thirst decay.
Yet rise, O Athens! and greet the day star—be swift to welcome
the star of day.

The might of our souls and our hearts' wide longing what hand
shall wither—what power annul?
These fruits are ours of a sombre sowing, but fairer fruits shall
be yours to cull,
Which shall ripen golden on Time's grey branches, though the
world's heart fail and the gods wax dull.

THE THRUSH

For Athens starts with her eyes afire—alive—consuming, and
smites the sword
From the hand of him who has called her Mother, yet held her
name as a thing abhorred—
Who slew the days of her children's gladness, and bade her
crouch as before a lord.

She wakes, and her lips which the gods make eager, laugh, and
her hands with a swift stroke smite—
She has smitten—she has broken—the darkness waneth, she has
rent asunder the bonds of night.
There is none to bind her and none to hinder—she is clothed
with the sun and crowned with the light.

Even as a watch-fire's her flame to heaven shall spring, and the
blood which her heart has bled
Shall bring forth violets and sweet frail blossoms to bind the hair
of her crownless head,
And the nine rich gifts of the nine gods' giving shall over the
might of her life be shed.

She shall be bound with Athene's girdle, and gauge steep chasms
of life and death;
The songs divine of the sun god's singing—she shall hear and
know what the morning saith.
As a mute harp moans at the wind's breath passing, the world
shall quiver beneath her breath.

Thou hast bound her shoulders with iron pinions—Zeus' swift
sandals upon her feet;
Ares' harvest of blood-red blossoms shall give—brought forth
in the battle's heat—
Hera sons whose desire shall fail not, who shall find life lovely
and labour sweet.

THE THRUSH

Aphrodite, thy gift is Beauty,—Love shall be ours, and for love's sake praise!

Through the sullen gloom of the earth's recesses, through paths unopened and secret ways,

Shall Hermes bear the sound of our triumph, the mirth and song of our kingless days.

Artemis, gird us with wing-fledged arrows—meet for her who is no man's bride;

Thou, Poseidon, shalt give her weapons of foaming wave and of roaring tide

In silent oceans no keel has smitten—no prow has broken—her ships shall ride!

Hear, O Athens! our blood has given sap to thy roots, and a new desire

Which shall flicker and wane and fail and tremble, then sudden leap like a raging fire—

A fire that shall die when the gods extinguish the stars, and fade when the gods expire.

Athens!—a blossom brought forth with labour, fed and quickened with freemen's tears—

Athens!—the child of a mighty travail—pour thy balm on all times and years!

Athens! speak!—let thy voice re-echo till the heavens laugh and the whole world hears!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE THRUSH

Hereafter.

I.

IF to pass hence be not to die completely,
If something of us shall survive beyond,
Must the pure joys of breath that pass so fleetly
Be lost for aye, like ripples on a pond?

II.

Shall we, then, miss the bond of tears and laughter?
Will the long sunshine never ask for rain?
I hope my spirit will not thirst hereafter
For wells of human sympathy in vain.

III.

Will the perfected knowledge then prevent us
From learning, as before our race was run?
Must the small rays of light that here were lent us
Be lost in the effulgence of the sun?

IV.

Shall we be set so far above all sorrow
As not to feel the minor chords of song?
Will the enamelled fields of glory borrow
No shadows that to passing clouds belong?

V.

It cannot be. The things we here deem mortal
Have in them often more of Heaven than clay.
Those links will not be snapt when, through its portal,
The soul is swept from this dear world away.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

THE THRUSH

“Ave Maria, Gratia Plena.”

WHEN God from heaven listening leans,
And hears the music of the morning stars,
The song of Sirius, the shout of Mars,
And choric chantings of celestial pæans:
From Earth's grey globe, with day-dawn light aflame,
Like echoes of far-off Æolian strings,
The matin hymn of man, on sun-born wings,
Soars, consecrated by His mother's name.

WILFRED DRAYCOTT.



To the Navy League.

OH, patriot band! The nation's gratitude
Is yours of right. The weary Parliament
Heeds not the damage of long years misspent,
But trifles with her trust. You have pursued
Your course right nobly and full well reviewed
Our Navy's weakness, striving to prevent
Disaster to the realm, and ravishment
Of these fair islands of beatitude.

Keep bravely on: your duty is not o'er.
By the free hand great Liberty doth more
Than by much guerdoned service. Still persist
With British perseverance, till our fleet
Is fit and ready as a champion's fist,
And England's Navy a defence complete.

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XXXVII.—MEMORIAL STANZAS.—ANDRÉE.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, A.M. Author of "Fantasy and Passion"; "Song and Story"; Later Poems, "Romance and Reverie"; and a fourth book of poems, "Songs of Doubt and Dream."

XXXVIII.—QUATRAIN.—"HOW HAWTHORN BECAME RED."

By T. BRUCE DILKS.

XXXIX.—ELEGY.—THE VIGIL.

By LADY GILBERT (ROSA MULHOLLAND). Author of "Gianetta"; "Vagrant Verses"; "Onora"; and many other works.

XL.—QUATRAIN.—THE CHAMELEON.

By FRANCIS PREVOST.

XLI.—BALLAD.—BLAKE'S HOME-COMING.

By the Rev. W. J. DAWSON. Author of "A Vision of Souls"; "Quest and Vision"; "The Makers of Modern Poetry"; "Poems and Lyrics"; "Savonarola, a Drama"; &c., &c.

XLII.—SONG.—COME BEN, COME BEN.

By T. BRYDIE.

XLIII.—EPIGRAM.—RACE PREJUDICE.

By H. M. ABRAHAMS.

XXXIV.—VERSES.—THE WEEK'S LANDMARK.

By ROBERT DENNIS, First Chief Sub-Editor of the *Daily Mail*; News Editor, *Daily Express*; author of several stories and poems published in various journals.

THE THRUSH

Andrée.

FAR where the daybreak's domains beyond porches of pearl are
reposing,

Wanders with bravery and buoyance the lark in its passion for
light;

Far where steep hills are to heaven all their tumults of silence
disclosing,

Float the huge condors round peaks which no thunderbolt's ravage
may smite.

Yet since the wisdom of man could its fables from history sever,
Since from miraculous valour was torn the impossible palm,

Still more adventurous thou, in the dash of thy peerless endeavour,
Bankrupting courage with prowess, and freezing mad fear to
awed calm.

Angers of sky, land or sea thou hast daunted alike in thy daring,
Poised on thy perilous craft between tempests aloft or below,
Whirled toward the bleak polar glooms whence auroras are rosily
flaring,

Swept where the sun hangs appalled o'er illimit'd stagnance of
snow.

Thine was the purpose, the project, that veiled as with volumes of
splendour

Tawdrier glories and honours, chance-garnered where battlefields
blaze;

Thine the ambition that bounded, in flush of superb self-surrender,
Past all the tinsels and spangles man loots from his fratricide
frays.

THE THRUSH

Laud not the captains that kill or the soldiers whom slaughter
hath sated ;

Here was a captaincy spotless and here was a soldiership high ;
Broad though the doom of our death, 'tis alone with divinity
freighted

When for large help to the living unsullied by bloodshed we die.

If thou indeed art no more, flung to earth from thy dome of
defiance,

Warrior of warfare so matchless, meteor so fervid of flame,
Have not the winds and the waters achieved thee in stately alliance
Elegies, eulogies, obsequies, meet for so mighty a name ?

Nay, among lands thou hast left, with requital and requiem blending,
Memory shall bide monumental and grief despite pain shall be
proud :

Yonder in lands that beheld thine austere and magnificent ending,—
Ice for thy sepulchre, blasts for thy mourners, and frost for thy
shroud !

EDGAR FAWCETT.



How Hawthorn became Red.

Rosy Hawthorn once was white,
White as is her snowy sister ;
Blushed she when, at end of night,
Dawn on tip-toe came and kissed her.

BRUCE DILKS.

THE THRUSH

The Vigil.

THEY called him dead ; I knew he lived, and so
I bore him here by night to the wood's green heart
And laid him on this throne—
I felled the oaks to build it, all alone,
And stretched them tier on tier,
A throne, never a bier,
Enwrapped with ivy and the wild vine
And broidered with the delicate eglantine.
No pall has he, but a royal mantle's flow—
See, here I have made his couch from the world apart.

They would have hid him from the sun and spread
The dark above him who so loved the light.
The squirrels run to him ;
To coax the creatures round him was his whim,
And birds that sweep the skies
Descend to sing to him where he lies :
The cloud stoops and weeps a little rain,
The sun that would go hide looks out again.
So lives he sweetly whom they would call dead,
While days go wavering past in a gold flight.

See his broad brow that the bay leaves entwine,
His eyelids dark and half-closed—that is sleep ;
They'd hide him but for me,
Put him where he could neither hear nor see
The things that loved him ; here
All come to look upon him without fear.

THE THRUSH

The wind embraces him, and a star
Looks loving down at him from her home afar,
Seeking his eyes which those soft slumbers keep,
Veiled through high lattices of the mournful pine.

'Tis a long sleep and very sweet for him.
It shall not weary me whom he loves best—
Better than bird or rose,
Or laugh of the stream that flows,
Or the soft fairy things
Or feathered, that would come to him on wings ;
Better than the sun on his face or the wind—
The first when he awakes he'll look to find.
My eyes with watching him shall not grow dim ;
When he awakes he'll bid me come and rest.

ROSA GILBERT.



The Chameleon.

LOVE, the warm love, that wasted Rome
And spread o'er Greece a rainbow wing,
That, shameless, in his Cyprian home
Was crowned a King—

Flew from my heart, your heart to tame :
But, blanched as birds by winter, lo !
Upon your breast his crimson flame
Grew white as snow.

FRANCIS PREVOST.

Blake's Home-coming.

*There was sorrow on the sea,
All the way, all the way!
Home we came with fame, but he
Dying, dying all the way.*

At Santa Cruz the squadron lay,
At dawn the whisper flew,
"God be thanked, we sail to-day!"
Voices sang and trumpets blew,
All the fleet was like a fair,
"Pulley haul, and heave, yo ho!
Ready here and steady there,
Let her go,
Head her northward thro' the bay!"

"Send the wind, O God, be kind!"
Volleying from the south it came,
With the thunder packed behind,
So we sailed with seas aflame.
Fire-led, like the Israelite,
Cloud-defended, so we sailed;
Trumpets blowing day and night
Shrilled and hailed,
And God rode upon the wind!

THE THRUSH

“ Waken,” hear the seamen cry,
“ Waken, Captain, England’s near ! ”
Greyer grew the sea and sky,
Nor’west all the land rose clear.
Dim-eyed, worn with wounds and care,
On the heaving deck sat Blake.
“ Tell me where is England ? Where ? ”
So he spake ;
“ Let me see her ere I die ! ”

Now the Lizard’s past, and lo
All the Cornish hills rise red
In the Autumn’s after-glow.
“ Heaven,” was the one word he said.
“ England, and not Heaven,” we cried.
“ “Tis the same,” he made reply.
Bonfires blazed out far and wide,
Lit the sky
All the way to Plymouth Hoe.

Fair the wind and swift the tide ;
Ah, the English air is sweet !
People shouted, trumpets cried ;
Then he rose upon his feet,
Strove to see—but he was blind,
Strove to walk—but force was spent,
Felt upon his face the wind,
Smiled content
Tasting English air—and died !

Hush the trumpets ! Cease the din !
Shores of England, be ye dumb !
He is gone, some port to win
Where your praises cannot come.

THE THRUSH

On the other side for him
Blow God's trumpets clear and far :
See his soul pass, fading dim
Like a star !
Shores be still ! He enters in.

*There was glory on the sea,
All the way, all the way !
Home we came with fame, but he
Dying, dying all the way.*

W. J. DAWSON.



Come Ben, Come Ben.

COME ben, come ben, my bonnie lass,
Oh, come ye ben wi' me ;
Tho' mony ha's your father has,
'Tis a' that I can gie.

Come ben, come ben, my bonnie lass,
But come ye by yer lane ;
Your father's gien ye mony maids,
But I can gie ye nane.

Your father has been guid to ye,
And ye maun grieve him sair,
And gin ye marry me, my lass,
He'll speak to ye nae mair.

THE THRUSH

Your hands, sae snaw-white an' sae saft,
Maun harden soon for me;
For ye maun toil, an' ye maun moil,
Gin ye my wife wud be.

Oh ! gin ye marry me, my lass,
Ye'll hae nae silken bed;
O' siller dishes I hae nane,
And puirly ye'll be fed.

But gin ye will come ben wi' me,
Altho' your flesh be wae,
Yet sin' I'll loe ye mair an' mair,
Your heart willna be sae.

Then gin ye loe me, bonnie lass,
Oh, come ye ben wi' me;
For luve can gie ye mair delight
Than a' airth's vanity.

T. BRYDIE.



Race Prejudice.

JOHN BULL (loq.):

My God incarnate was a Jew.
(I worship Him, the Holy Son,
In awe.) But though all this is true
My daughter should not marry one.

H. M. ABRAHAMS.

THE THRUSH

The Week's Landmark.

WE move so fast that, week by week,
Some landmark, great or small, we raise,
To guide the steps of later days,
And point to men the goal they seek:

Some landmark on the laboured line
Of man's slow progress, where the eye,
Weary with searching, may descry
A warning word, a cheering sign:

Where, as he climbs the toilsome mount,
Man learns, by earlier error taught,
That nought is nought in deed or thought,
And all his acts for something count.

Thus, on the road by which we go,
In hope to find the Perfect State,
We gain the master-hand of Fate,
Nor wander blindly to and fro.

ROBERT DENNIS.

Contents of No. 7.

XLV.—LYRIC.—THE SEA.

By SIR WYKE BAYLISS, K.B., F.S.A., President of the Royal Society of British Artists. Author of "The Witness of Art"; "The Higher Life in Art"; "The Likeness of Christ, Rex Regnum"; and "The Enchanted Island."

XLVI.—POEM.—THEMISTOCLES.

By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE. Author of "Harmodius and Aristogeiton"; and of a volume of Poems published last month by Mr. John Lane.

XLVII.—SONNET.—MILTON AT DAWN.

By VICTOR PLARR, M.A., Librarian of the Royal College of Surgeons. Author of "In the Dorian Mood," &c., &c.

XLVIII.—STANZAS.—REMONSTRANCE.

By MACKENZIE BELL.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

The Thrush.

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.

EDITED BY T. MULLETT ELLIS.



The Sea.

(Written for Music.)

I.

THE Sea! the Sea! It is the Sea!
And what is that to thee or me
That I should sing of it to thee?

It is the Sea where sails a ship:
I saw it on the horizon dip—
His kiss still sweet upon my lip.

I stand again upon the shore:
It is the Sea that shall restore
My love to me to part no more.

THE THRUSH

II.

There is no sound on sea or land,
Save rippling waves upon the strand,
And children playing on the sand.

Hark! 'tis a signal, far away—
The children hear it as they play,
And turn to gaze across the bay.

A ship! with white sails proudly set!
I know not why my eyes are wet:
Not yet, my love! my love, not yet!

III.

O Sea! O Sea! A path of light
Leads o'er thy waves by day and night,
To what I know not of delight.

The Sea hath flowers like cups of gold;
Waves, white as fleecy flocks in fold;
The Sea hath storm-waves dark and cold.

Keep to thyself thy storms, O Sea!
Thy flowers shall for the children be:
Thy path of light for thee and me.

WYKE BAYLISS.

Themistocles.

BENEATH the languid Eastern sun—
Where, from excess of perfumed heat,
The sick air faints, and the hours run
From morn to night on fiery feet—
Exiled by impious decrees
I, far from Grecian lands and seas,
Move who am called Themistocles.

I, who have conquered, find it good
To crave from those I overcame
Shelter: behold, my lips have sued
For Persian kindness, and my fame
Polluted sinks, soiled by the breath
Of those whose peace is worse than death—
Whose speech all good deeds gainsayeth.

Prostrate lay Athens, cast aside
Her joy; as on a thing forlorn
Men gazed upon her failing pride—
Her visage pale—her raiment torn—
Yet, though the flowers drooped and shed
Their petals, still her sacred head
With violets was garlanded.

Yea, though the Persian from far lands,
With ships and armies manifold,
Came, and his hosts and mighty bands
She saw—his horses and his gold,
His flaming jewels, his splendid state,
His swords and spears importunate—
She seeing, left him desolate.

THE THRUSH

Yet I for Greece performed this thing ;
My will made strong her will ; the fire
Of my own spirit triumphing,
Kindled with resolute desire
Her mutable and supple thought,
And from men's fears strong victory wrought,
Bringing their cowardice to nought.

Within the Bay of Salamis,
Most insolent the foeman lay ;
Now the cold sea waves curve and hiss
Over their heads, and alien spray
Gleams where their captains sleep—and where
Their cries triumphant stabbed the air,
The shrill winds wail of their despair.

Yet, Athens, though the gods have heard
Thy anguish, now thy prayers fall dumb,
And thy impetuous voice which stirred
Their wrath has grown most wearisome.
Thy pæans rise unheard ; to them
Thy love is but a fruitless stem ;
Ingratitude thy diadem.

I was their instrument, and thus
I, who their will accomplished
In moments deep and dangerous,
When the short love of men is fled,
Shall not be utterly forthcast,
Nor seek in vain, but strong at last
Reap passionate vengeance for the past

THE THRUSH

Fear me, O Athens!—you are full
 Of beauty, and against the skies
Columns, majestic, wonderful,
 Fair shapes of men and gods arise.
 These I have loved—these touched—these known;
 Think, if my anger backward blown
 Shall not for wasted love atone.

Your strong blood leaps—loud is the cry
 Of victory. A mighty flood—
Century on mighty century—
 Pours round your feet. Oh! calm your mood;
 | Fear—lest your fearless gaze shall scan
 | No longer stones Republican,
 | But strongholds of the Persian.

Think you your weapons cast aside
 No hands shall gather?—that the fire,
Hungry and still unsatisfied,
 Fails and is quenched at your desire?—
 I tell you nay! By others lit,
 The flame yet burns, and other wit
Shall mend the weapon claiming it.

He who is wronged and bears his wrong
 As though a crown were given him,
Within his soul is no life strong,
 His lamp is quenched, his strength is dim.
 Have the gods given for evil good,
 Or unrevengefully pursued
 Blasphemy with beatitude?

THE THRUSH

O Greece! remember Marathon!
Behold again the mighty host
Dispelled—the immeasurable won—
The giant army crushed and lost.
Still wild, despairing on your ears,
Falls their last cry—and lo! your spears
Shall speed your glory through all years!

Yea, Greece, remember Marathon!
For now the Persian hosts advance.
Fallen you lie—disused, undone—
With none to work deliverance.
Now like a bleak wind from the North,
The gods' vast anger rageth forth!
Shall ye then stand against their wrath?

Ah, conquerors, muse a little while.
Your slaves! your soldiers!—what are they
But blunted tools your hands beguile
To serve, to perish, or to slay?
How shall they serve you—ignorant, blind—
If some complete and mastering mind
Sways not their fickle ranks behind?

Cherish your leaders! What of them?
Your cherished leaders!—one there is
Who urged the waves' loud requiem
Over the foe in Salamis.
Now from the foemen's hands he takes
Bread, and his thirst their water slakes,—
He sleeps among them and awakes.

THE THRUSH

Deem ye my eloquence so weak—
Have I so passionless a voice
I fail to gather what I seek?
Nor will men tremble or rejoice
At my words' will? Nay, ye know well
How mighty is the living spell
When the soul's speech rings audible.

I, exiled, at the Persian Court
Find refuge; shall my woes engage
Alone a friendship of such sort
Its strength may the great wrath assuage
Of those defeated and undone
When the Greek arms stern victory won
At Salamis and Marathon?

Nay, that their ignorant feet may speed
Secure along those secret roads,
Perverse and tortuous ways that lead
Towards the Greeks' desired abodes,
They work upon my exile, throw
Love on their hate, that I may show,
Deceived, the hidden things I know.

I hold the keys of war and peace;
Think not, oh! Athens, scorn of me;
Lest on the unheeding fields of Greece
I set the wolves of slaughter free—
Lest the dread serpent in my soul
Its sleepy coils at length unroll
Anhungered, and devour you whole.

THE THRUSH

Yet still within my restless blood
The living blood of Marathon—
Of Salamis yet stirs. Ah ! good
It were to see the past undone,
That freely I might strike—there lies
Such pain on me—hate's flames arise
To burn the sorrow from my eyes.

My flickering life unfed with hate
Would surely perish. I must live,
Nor shall in any wise abate
My spirit. Shall not the gods give
In guerdon sight of Athens yet?
Till my feet on her stones are set
I dare not waver or forget !

Alien and silent, where strange eyes
Gaze on me marvelling, I move ;
Stern, obdurate—my keen replies
Earn me some fear, but little love.
I am as one who sleeps and dares
Scarce wake, lest, caught in the day's snares,
Death shall come on him unawares.

The king has stooped to call me friend ;
We hold long converse, warily ;
His balanced questions strive to rend
The veil that lies 'twixt him and me.
With half distrustful confidence
He probes, with hands nervous and tense,
The inner workings of my sense.

THE THRUSH

I scheme ; yet only is this thing
Clear to my understanding—strength
To live, that my death conquering,
My exiled life may cure at length.
Ah, gods ! Entombed in Grecian seas,
Or Grecian lands, grant me Death's ease,
Though men forget Themistocles !

MARGARET SACKVILLE.



Milton at Dawn.

FINISH'D the morning task's last lofty word !
Milton leans back one moment to repair
His languish'd spirit, from his high-back'd chair
Hailing dawn's freshness and the morn's first bird.
Mary sits grumbling o'er some phrase ill-heard
She finds it hard to spell ; Anne, in despair,
Resumes her tambour-work with peevish care ;
Deb'rah creeps up to kiss blind eyes unblurr'd.

Then, in the street, springs forth a drunken rout—
Ghosts walking upon stilts, Popes, demons, elves,
A Scarlet Woman riding apish beasts,
And, "flown with insolence and wine," they shout
For Milton's blood, nor know that on his shelves
Rises th' immortal record of their feasts !

VICTOR PLARR.

THE THRUSH

Remonstrance.

(Written for Music.)

'TWAS here, when last we met, you promised me
That on this spot, and on a certain day,
Once more we should embrace and kiss: yet see
Still, still you stay.

Ah, if you knew the yearning of my heart
And all its grief, love, when you are away,
And saw how oftentimes the tear-drops start,
You would not stay.

Like some faint scent of flowers borne on the air,
Dispelling languor during Summer's sway,
Your coming, dearest, soon dispels my care—
Then wherefore stay?

Come now, my darling, come, as erst of yore,—
A touch of your soft hand will make me gay,
Light with your smile my dark path as before,
Nor longer stay.

MACKENZIE BELL.

The Thrush

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.



WE are continuing to make every effort to get the best available work of the most eminent living Poets to place before our readers, as well as the poems of the younger generation. Venerating those who have achieved distinction, we desire also to introduce to public notice the work of several Poets whose voices have not yet been heard—Poets who have the gift, but have not yet found a medium for the adequate expression of their song. As may be seen by reference to our several issues already published, we endeavour to exclude from our pages everything but Poetry of a high order of merit, and the bulk of the work we have produced has been that of Poets of established reputation.

Yielding to the request of many of our subscribers, we now announce that we hereby open a Prize Competition for the best poem sent us before the 31st day of November, 1901.

The First Prize will be Ten Pounds Sterling.

A handsomely bound copy of the Edition de Luxe of THE THRUSH the Second Prize, and a portrait of General Baden-Powell, the Hero of Mafeking, the Third Prize.

Three volumes of Poems by leading Modern Poets will also be given as Prizes.

All entries for this Competition must be legibly written on one side of the paper only, signed with the Author's name, address, nationality, and occupation, and be delivered at our Editorial Offices by letter post during the month of November next, addressed to the Editor of THE THRUSH, 28, Essex Street, Strand, London, in an envelope endorsed "Prize Poem Competition." Every Competitor must be a subscriber to twelve months' issue of THE THRUSH, and a bookseller's ordinary receipt, showing that this is the case, must accompany each work sent in competition. Unless we can devise a more satisfactory mode of adjudication, which we hope to do, and in process of time to announce, the Poems preferred by the Editor will be awarded the six several Prizes.

The Competition is open to any one, whether following Literature as a profession or not, and whether resident in Great Britain or abroad.

All Poems sent in competition are thereby to become the absolute property of the Proprietor of THE THRUSH, who shall have the right to publish any, all of them, or none.

The names of the successful Competitors will be announced in due course.

We shall not fetter Competitors with superabundant rules. We shall leave them absolute freedom in all respects, with permission to select their own subject, and to choose whatever metre or form of poem they prefer for the expression of their ideas.

Yet it may be some guidance to them if we express a preference for a poem of popular quality—e.g., a stirring ballad upon some modern exploit or heroic deed; or a poem of striking originality and imaginative power; or some beautiful work which, whilst perhaps commonplace and ordinary in topic, contains an express and innate loveliness. Or its value may be in simplicity of expression or in the sublimity of the thoughts conveyed; or, again, it may be a poem of religious or of philosophic tendency; or its value may be in wit and humour. The one essential is that, whether epic, ode or elegy, sonnet or song, it must be a work of convincing merit.

As to length, we prefer the poem to contain from 120 to 200 lines, or thereabouts;

PREFACE

but we shall not disqualify a shorter or a longer work by reason thereof. The poem must be written in the English language. Dialects are admissible, but not much desired.

We cannot enter into correspondence upon the matter of this our Prize Competition, because during the season when apple-trees are in bearing it takes us all our time to pick fruit, and afterwards perchance we may have other occupations. Our rules are here stated with sufficient precision, but if any point arises for amendment abundant notice in our September or later issue will be given.

Apart from our Prize Competition, we shall be glad to receive contributions of poems at any time, if they be of true merit. But we should state that we have now by us a good deal of verse awaiting publication, as soon as we have space and opportunity to produce it.

If our circulation warranted the expenditure we should increase our number of pages, and so be able to publish more of the excellent work we have by us. But our circulation is limited. Several writers who send us their contributions do not regularly buy our issue, nor do anything to assist us in our difficult venture, which is to popularise the reading of poetry. They trouble us unnecessarily, because they have not expended the few pence requisite for the purchase of our miscellany, and therefore they do not read the clear rules we lay down for their guidance and for our joint convenience. Henceforth all voluntary contributions of verse must be accompanied by the receipt of a bookseller in proof that the author of the verses sent us is also a regular subscriber for twelve months of our issue. We cannot publish the work of authors who do not give us at least this small support in our arduous enterprise.

We think it is not troubling intending contributors too much to ask them to keep copies of anything they may send us. The custody of miscellaneous MSS. is an embarrassment. We refuse to be the bailees of any MSS. whatever. We will undertake no responsibility with regard to the custody of MSS., and we cannot return any.

Even when we approve some of the contributions with which we are favoured we are not able invariably to produce them for some time to come, and therefore we cannot decide whether to accept or reject several MSS.

Verses offered to THE THRUSH may be offered elsewhere, but if they are published or accepted for publication by any one else, we stipulate that we be so notified.

We only publish strictly original, hitherto unpublished Poetry.

We cannot under any circumstances undertake the labour of correspondence with contributors or with the general public, and we desire no one to enclose us postage stamps for reply.

We have purchased the work of several writers who have been good enough to send it to us. We require the actual copyright of all the poems we publish, and this without reservation of any kind. The value placed upon their poems by some of our contributors is, however, prohibitive. We request our contributors to ascertain *the commercial value only* of the verse they offer us before they attach their prices.

Contributors of occasional verse are invited to address the Editor, 28, Essex Street, Strand, London, by letter only; to accompany it with one year's bookseller's receipt, as aforesaid; to sign their manuscripts, to state thereon their name, address, nationality, and occupation, and the price of the copyright; and especially to retain copies of their MSS., as none can be returned.

Single copies of THE THRUSH cannot be obtained either at the Editorial or the Publishing Offices. The only way to obtain our periodical punctually is to order its regular delivery by a local bookseller or newsagent, price Fourpence per month. An Edition de Luxe, now limited to 50 copies, is published at Half-a-Crown per Month. This Edition will become rare, and therefore valuable. Cloth gilt Reading Cases for the preservation of THE THRUSH can be had *through any bookseller* from Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., price One Shilling and Ninepence each.

The meetings of the various branches of the Society for the Study of Modern Poetry may probably be best suspended by their local Secretaries during the holiday months of August and September.

Contents of No. 8.

XLIX.—SONNET—TO LITTLE FLORRIE DOUGLAS.

By the first LORD LYTTON, Author of "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons," "Zanoni," "Night and Morning," &c., &c., and of several Poetical and Dramatic Works.

L.—LIV.—THE SONGS OF A CHILD.

By LADY FLORENCE DOUGLAS, now LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

L.—THE RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

LI.—BANNOCKBURN: DOUGLAS TO HIS MEN.

LII.—WALLACE.

LIII.—THE DEATHBED: A MEMORY.

LIV.—ECHOES.

LV.—LYRIC—DEBARRED.

By FRANCIS PREVOST-BATTERSBY, War Correspondent ("Morning Post") with Earl Roberts' Forces; Author of several Poems and of "In the Web of the War."

LVI.—SONNET—NEWNHAM COLLEGE PRIZE COMPETITION.

By HILDA P. HUDSON.

LVII.—POEM—THE LOADSTONE.

By the Rev. F. BENTLEY GREEVES, M.A., Vicar of Cudsworth.

LVIII.—SONNET—NEWNHAM COLLEGE PRIZE COMPETITION— IN THE LAND OF SUMMER.

By G. L. THOMAS.

LIX.—STANZAS—THE CLAVICHORD (TO MADAME DOLMETSCH).

By DOLLIE RADFORD.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ld., Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

The Thrush.

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To Little Florrie Douglas.

IT was by Leman's shores that first we met,
There first I saw that pensive, fair-haired child,
The water lapped the shingle-crested beach,
And the young waves sung graceful melody.
The golden sunset flooded that fair scene,
And lit the stern old walls of dark Chillon,
And trembled on that mass of auburn hair,
With all its wealth of wand'ring, waving curls;
And lit the dreaming face and earnest eyes
And rosebud lips until they seemed to be
Not of this world, but some fair vision reft
From out the clouds. Ah, me! I see her now—
I see the picture as it were again,
And dream it in my worn-out mind once more.

LYTTON

THE THRUSH

The Songs of a Child.

THE following lines are Gleanings from "THE SONGS OF A CHILD" (hitherto unprinted), written by Lady Florence Douglas (now Lady Florence Dixie) between the age of ten and seventeen years. The poem on the preceding page, by the first Lord Lytton, was addressed to the child-authoress of the poems we now publish.

The Rift in the Cloud.

JUST when the cloud is darkest,
 And gloom is in the air,
A tiny rift comes in that cloud—
 It bids you not despair.

It breaks the cloud asunder,
 It lets the gold sun thro',
And then the sun drives off the cloud,
 And Hope returns to you.



Bannockburn.

(Douglas to his Men before the Battle.)

TYRANNY ever spurn :
Forward to Bannockburn !
"Scotland and Robert the Bruce"
 Be your cry.

Freedom, she beckons ye,
Grasp her dear sympathy,
Burst from your bondage of truce
 And defy—

THE THRUSH

All who would shackle ye.
Fight for dear Liberty!
Sound the loud slogan of War
To obtain—

That which ye've struggled for,
Given your heroes' gore,—
Bannockburn, looming afar,
Will regain!



Wallace.

I.

STRANG be ye, Wallace,
Braw be yer dear face;
Smite ye the English
And drive them awa.

II.

Roond ye we'll cluster,
Ae oor lads muster;
Tyranny fiendish
We'll nae ha. Na! Na!

III.

Scotland for ever!
Wha shall dissever
Her frae oor hearts, where
For ay she will bide?

THE THRUSH

IV.

Forward to glory!
Or to death gory.
Wallace, we'll ay mair
Stand by your side!



The Deathbed.

A Memory.

Written after standing by the deathbed of a young and beautiful playmate,
Eleanor Boyle, aged eleven, a sister of the present Lady Tennyson.

FAIRER in death than life, she lay at rest,
So pure and lovely, so serenely calm ;
The smile still hov'ring round those lips of love,
The bloom scarce faded from her childish cheek.
And as the breeze played thro' her auburn hair,
And trembled on the eyelash' raven fringe,
Methought the dark blue eyes, their silk concealed,
Must surely ope once more, and wake from sleep,
To shed the beauty of their transient flash
And glorious lustre on the Air of Life.

Could that be Death ?

Beside an open window still she lay ;
'Twas early morning, and the rising sun
Ting'd to a beauteous gold her auburn hair,
While through its silken tresses softly played
The new-born zephyrs of the early day ;
For she was young and beautiful, tho' Death
Had sought her in the morning of her life,
'Twas fit that Youth should hover o'er a form
Where Age had never seamed its drear decay.

THE THRUSH

Echoes.

WHENCE come ye? Oh, Echoes strange,
Whither roam ye? Whither range
Your mysterious flitting forms,
Heard in sunshine, heard in storms?
Children of the mountain side,
Dwelling in their caverns wide,
Tell me Echoes, who are ye?
Who are ye we never see?

“DARLING” (FLORENCE DOUGLAS)



Debarred.

WHAT can I profit thee; do for thee, dare for thee?
Scorn the world's clarions? Clash in its strife?
Myrtle or thorn in a crown shall I wear for thee?
Tend thee by living, or lend thee my life?
I that so idly here, sue for thee, sigh for thee;
I that would die for thee, die for thee!

Ah, but the little, so little, love betters thee:
Holds the rose bramble, and hands thee the rose;
Faith is a fault, dear, and passion but fetters thee,
Binds in its fervour, and blinds with its throes.
Yet, were it well the world's hosts to defy for thee:—
Speak! I would die for thee, die for thee!

FRANCIS PREVOST.

THE THRUSH

Sonnet.

(This Sonnet recently obtained the First Prize from the Modern Language Lecturer in a Competition amongst the Students at Newnham College, Cambridge.)

I COULD not blame you did you now remove ;
Though in the past you may have honoured me,
It was pure graciousness and charity :
I have no right or reason to your love.
With better comrades I would have you move,
In head and heart nearer to your degree ;
If you forsook that fellowship for me
That very choice would you less worthy prove.
Then leave me when you will ; yes, let it end ;
But you can never take away the past,
Nor hinder me from loving constantly.
That you have spoken with me as a friend
Shall be my comfort while my life shall last,
The richest gem of storied memory.

HILDA P. HUDSON.



The Loadstone.

THEY'VE sold me up. I wander forth
A feeble man and fond ;
I turn my old feet to the North,
A broken vagabond.
Homeless and friendless ? Not so, sir ;
I go to join my Bride ;
She's waited long beneath the fir—
We shall sleep side by side.

F. BENTLEY GREEVES.

THE THRUSH

The Land of Summer.

(This Sonnet received the Second Prize in the aforesaid Competition
at Newnham College.)

No lovelier land was ever found by maid
Who knocked at grassy mound or fairy door—
White daisies, grass and king-cups deck its floor.
The brown hills shut it in and cast their shade
Upon the curling valley, where the sheep
Lie under sweet rose hedges, and the thrush
Breaks with his cheerful song the summer hush,
Hid in his nest above the bracken deep.

There soft winds sleep in leafy trees, and there,
Floating on dreamy streams, in lazy boats,
Through scented meadows where the dancing motes
And darting mayflies whirl above the fair
June grasses and the weary mowers' coats,
Live the wise children of the open air.

G. M. L. THOMAS.



The Clavichord.

(To MADAME DOLMETSCH.)

THE night is full of fantasies,
And, while you play,
A light wind blows among the trees,
Far, far away.

THE THRUSH

And far away the daffodils
Begin to stir,
While all the sunny woodland fills
With gossamer.

And now a starry bugle calls,
And lo! in rings
And crystal drops, the music falls
From angels' wings.

There are sweet whisperings in the air,
And softly told
Are fair forgotten things that were
So dear of old.

And now the tale is newly said,
Of sad and sweet,
And now the unseen choir have fled
With twinkling feet.

Their floating raiment touches me
As they depart,
And new songs strive for melody
Within my heart—

For quickened voice to hold anew,
And keep alway,
The magic that must die when you
No longer play.

DOLLIE RADFORD.

Contents of No. 9.

LX.—ODE OF WELCOME TO THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

(To be recited at the Meeting of the Trades Union Congress on the 2nd of September, 1901.)

By SIR LEWIS MORRIS, J.P., Hon. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, M.A., Vice-President University College of Wales; author of "Songs of Two Worlds," "The Epic of Hades," "The Ode of Life," "Songs of Britain," "A Vision of Saints," &c., &c.

LXI.—SONNET—ST. PETER'S, ROME.

By SIR WYKE BAYLISS, K.B., President of the Royal Society of British Artists.

LXII.—ODE—THE LOOSESTRIFE.

By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., Master at Eton College; author of "Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton," "Archbishop Laud, a Study," "Lyrics," "Lord Vyêt and other Poems," "Fasti Etonenses," "Life of Archbishop Benson," and "The Professor and other Poems."

LXIII.—LXX.—POEMS.

By DR. HARRY ROBERTS.

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| LXIII.—BY THE CORNISH SEA. | LXVII.—DESIRE. |
| LXIV.—COWARDICE. | LXVIII.—DESPAIR. |
| LXV.—FRIENDSHIP. | LXIX.—THANKFULNESS. |
| LXVI.—JOY. | LXX.—OMNIPRESENCE. |

LXXI.—VERSE—FROM HUGO.

Translated by HENRY GEORGE KEENE, C.I.E., Fellow of Calcutta University, Author of "Fall of the Mughal Empire," "Madhava Rao Sindhia," "History of India," &c., Editor of the "Oriental Biographical Dictionary," Contributor to "Dictionary of National Biography" and "Chambers's Encyclopædia."

LXXII.—SONG—AD AFRICANOS JUVENES.

By FREDERIC LOCKE O'CARROLL, Barrister-at-Law.

LXXIII.—FRAGMENT—IN THE LIPS.

By AILEEN ORR.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers,

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Ode of Welcome to the Trades Union Congress.



*To be Recited at the Meeting of the Trades Union Congress on
the 2nd of September, 1901.*



WELCOME to these our busy toil-worn Vales,
Great Parliament of Labour! for ye know
How great thy powers have grown, and yet shall grow,
Lightening the workers' lot.
Before thy fearless air of high debate
The banded armies of the selfish great,
Wealth, privilege, the dull unpitying State,
Shrink baffled and are not.
Guide thou our toiling myriads well, and take
Their helpless strength, and wake,

THE THRUSH

Where once the cold economist bore sway,
The genial rays of a summer day ;
Speak for the voiceless multitudes and bind
The labourers' heart and mind
Till each knit fast with each
obeys the common good, which thou shalt teach !
Weak was the worker, but to-day grows strong,
No more he suffers wrong !
Welcome, great Congress, to our toiling Wales !

For here, by smoke-charged air or sunless mine,
The grim workers moil ;
Here life is hard—here, 'neath the primal curse
Which the Eternal Will
Converts to blessing still,
Men, women, children toil.
The strong arms from the blinding furnace take,
White-hot, the burning bar ;
All night, by forge or mine, toiling with scarce a break,
The unresting workers are,
Or ere the dreary dawn start from their dreamless sleep.
Toil, toil is theirs, sickness and scanty food,
To rear their growing brood ;
And oft despondence takes them dark and deep ;
It seems that no man heeds them or their pain :
Let them not cry in vain !

And sometimes through the silent mine
Sudden there rolls a dreadful noise,
And the strong father working with his boys
Knows that his life and theirs are done—
They shall not greet again the rising sun.

THE THRUSH

The low roof thunders down and is their tomb,
Or hopeless prisoners' gloom ;
Or withering flame flashes like lightning by,
Blinding the hapless eye ;
Then the dread after-damp which chokes the breath,
And in a moment—death !
And one by one the shrouded corpses come,
Borne to the humble home :
This is the end of all, their lifelong labours' sum !

Consider well, O Toilers' Parliament,
These poor lives worn and spent ;
Lift thou the heaviest burdens of their care ;
Gain for them healthier dwellings, wholesome air ;
The wage that is their due do thou secure ;
Make thou their weakness strong,
Teach them to live lives sober, steadfast, pure ;
For ruinous strife, teach them the ways of Peace ;
Their knowledge and their happiness increase.
One people are we, small and great ;
Dispel the gathered clouds of selfish hate !
A little time, a little 'tis we live !
And I, who have no aid but this to give,
Welcome you gladly with a heartfelt song !

LEWIS MORRIS.



St. Peter's, Rome.

ANGELO built me, in this city of Rome:
Laid the cross low upon the earth, and hung
A dome above it—like that mightier dome
Where sang the Angels when the World was young
And the Creator loved it—now it is old
And the Redeemer loves it—and has thus,
Creator and Redeemer of the fold,
Stretched out His arms upon the cross for us.

So Angelo built me, with the golden rod
Of the Seventh Angel, who, in Paradise,
Measured the walls of the new City of God:
Angel or Angelo—for, in that blest place,
Angels and men see God with equal eyes,
And all His servants serve Him face to face.

WYKE BAYLISS.

The Loosestrife.

PURPLE are the spires of the velvet loosestrife;
On the gliding water lies a purple stain,
Hour by hour it blushes where the brimming river rushes,
Rushes gaily, rushes proudly, but cometh not again.

On a day in deep midsummer doth the purple loosestrife
Break in clustered blossom, on a day that poets know,
Over beds of whispering rushes, where the green dim freshet
gushes,
Where through leagues of level pastureland the stream winds
slow.

Many are thy flow'ret faces, sturdy loosestrife,
Not a bloom, but a jocund company of bloom,
Thou dost face each wind that bloweth, and the circling sun that
gloweth
From his eastern cloud-pavilions to the western gloom.

We depart, and men forget us soon; but, O brave loosestrife,
Thou shalt link the laughing hour to the hour that laughs no
more.
Thou shalt gather grace and glory and a crown of ancient story,
And the child shall love the velvet spire his father loved
before.

THE THRUSH

Bend thy velvet head, whisper low, purple loosestrife,
Tender secrets of the summer, and the shore, and the stream,
Of the bright eyes that espied thee, and the soft hopes breathed
beside thee,
Summer vows and sunny laughter and the golden dream.

Many are the hearts that have loved thee, loosestrife,
Very true and tender was the heart that loved thee best.
He was wounded many a morrow; he was pierced with utter
sorrow,
He was blind and hungry-hearted, and he could not rest.

Wherefore, when thou swayest in the breezes, loosestrife,
Shine for other wanderers and repair thy lustrous head;
But bethink thee of thy lover, whom the graveyard grasses cover,
And the stain upon the waters where a heart hath bled.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.



By the Cornish Sea.

THE wind blows, big with rain, from the west—
 Wonderful west,
 Where daily our mother Sun retires,
 Whither moon and stars make steady tramp—
 The sweet wet wind from the peaceful west.
 It brings the buoy-bell's warning sound,
 It brings the sea's eternal song,
 It carries the music of destiny
 Which knows no right, nor cares for wrong,
 And fills my soul with misery.

Hopeless I lie, and dazed
 At the thought of the fierce old gods,
 Implacable and cruel,
 Who made the world for their sport,
 And man in their image—cruel and full of scorn.
 And you, old Earth, to-night so cold and dead,
 Have you no sympathy with such as I,
 Who travel your desolate cliffs
 In quest of an unknown goal,
 Obeying some unknown will?



Cowardice.

To have tried and failed were but the fate of man;
 But never to have tried, not once to have tried
 To do the big thing which the mind conceived,
 The deed which the soul yearned to do in its pride—
 O then it is that the imps of hell obscene
 Giggle and chuckle and gloat as they squat,
 Telling their grimy tales, by sulphurous hearth,
 Watching the bubbling of impotent souls forgot.

THE THRUSH

Friendship.

I BRING you no blazing frenzy of love ;
But, as the bee visits the sweet wild thyme,
Drawn by an irresistible force,
Passing by masses of beautiful flowers regardless,
So am I impelled towards you, sweet friend.

I seek but the honey which I can gather ;
This only I ask, that where the wind blows
And the furze blooms, I may sit by your side
Listening to your words and watching your beautiful hair.



Joy.

I HAVE broken man's laws and the laws of God ;
Yet I am glad for the blood I have shed ;
For I have proved that he who would harm her I love must die,
Though the hangman's cord and the fires of hell be mine.



Desire.

HOUR after hour the livelong day, I struggle and work with a smile ;
But my heart and my mind and my soul are wandering far away.
I can think only of one with a pale face and long yellow hair,
With a soul the fellow of my soul, a heart the fellow of mine.

THE THRUSH

Despair.

My body is weary, but I care nothing,
I cannot sleep and I cannot rest;
Along the hillside all night I must wander
With the storm and the wind from the west.

For the rain I love, and the wind from the west;
They are sisters of her I have lost
With green-grey eyes and long yellow hair.

Now I can sleep no more and I cannot rest.
I am wet with the kisses of her sister the rain,
I am sweet with the breath of her sister the wind,
But oh, for the kisses and breath of her I have lost !



Thankfulness.

A FUGITIVE, I throw myself prone on the edge of the great grey cliff;
I have left wife and child, friends and my all for my love;
I have murdered and broken the laws of man and of God.
Now I have nought more to lose, for my life is complete and my
love proved.
But I thank fate for the moment's respite that once again I may lie
on this rock,
Where many a time I have lain with my love, hands clasped, resting
my head on her breast.

THE THRUSH

Omnipresence.

SIPPING in silence at the tankard's nectar,
I sat on my accustomed bar-room plank,
Watching and listening to the fishers
Who loafed around the room and dully drank ;

When, lo, as 'twere his wont, he thither wandered,
Entered the room, and, nodding to the men,
Quite calmly took his place and stood drinks round.
We felt the sunrise in that dingy den.

HARRY ROBERTS.



From Hugo.

THE Tomb asked of the Rose,—
“When the tear of dawn-dew flows,
What make you of it, Love's own flower?”
And the Rose answered to the Tomb,—
“What makes your ever-hungering womb
Of what it may devour?”
“Dark cavern! I have made
Of dawn-tears falling in the shade
The honeyed scents that from my bosom arise!”
The Tomb said,—“My poor blossom, see!
I make each soul that comes to me
An angel for the skies!”

H. G. KEENE.

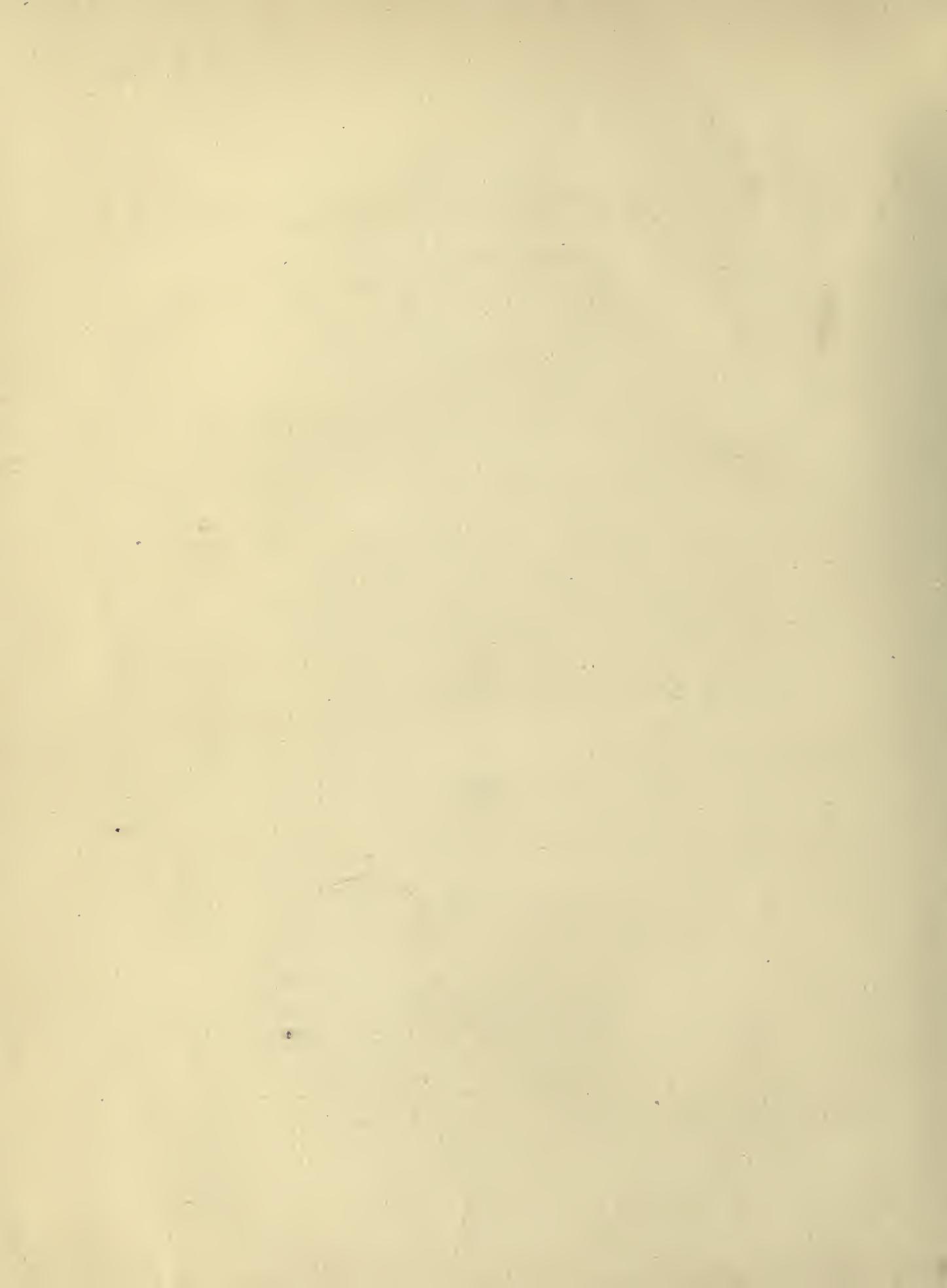
Ad Africanos Juvenes.

An interest is added to these lines by reason of the fact that their Author has three sons now serving the King with our troops in S. Africa.

OUR soldier sons are on the sea,
Their glorious task is o'er,
Each kharki-clad, tan-tinted lad
Now nears his native shore ;
And buoyant as the billow free
On England's guardian main,
His heart beats high in ecstasy,
To see his home again.

That home he left at Duty's call
And Honour's high behest,
Soon in triumphant festival
Will clasp him to her breast,
And eyes that wept in parting wail,
Then turned 'twixt hope and dread,
To scan the daily doleful tale
Of wounded and of dead,

With vanished fears will check the tears
That long incessant ran,
And light with joy to find each boy
A soldier and a man—
The heritage of British birth
His frame and features tell—
The metal of his native worth
Wrought in War's crucible.



The Thrush

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.



IN our August number we issued the Rules of our Prize Competition for the best poem sent in before the 31st day of November, 1901. Six Prizes will be awarded in this Competition.

The First Prize will be TEN POUNDS Sterling.

The Second Prize will be a very handsome copy of the Edition de Luxe of the FIRST VOLUME of THE THRUSH, bound by THE GUILD OF WOMEN BINDERS, in Morocco leather, with gauffered gilt edges, and with inscription on the back and side in lettering of real gold. This book will be a fine example of the Printer's craft, luxuriously produced in vermillion and black ink upon hand-made paper, tenderly and lovingly bound in a tasteful manner (as befits the beautiful work of Poets) by gentle women's fingers craftily skilled in this deft workmanship. The intrinsic value of the book will be several pounds of sterling English coin.

The Third Prize will be a portrait of GENERAL BADEN POWELL, the HERO of Mafeking.

The Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Prizes will each be a volume of Poems by A LIVING POET.

The Rules for this Competition are fully stated in the Preface of our August number. The August number can be obtained by order through any Bookseller.

It gratifies us to be able now to announce that Mr. Mackenzie Bell, the author of "Spring's Immortality;" "Pictures of Travel, and other Poems;" "Christina Rossetti, a Biographical and Critical Study," and of pieces which we have ourselves had the honour of first submitting to the public; a Poet and a man of letters, on whose conscientious literary judgment and capacity as a critic we place implicit reliance, has very kindly consented to accept the entirely honorary, but none the less onerous, appointment of Judge in this Competition. The Editor will perfunctorily classify the works sent in competition, and all those that strictly comply with the Rules will then be forwarded to Mr. Mackenzie Bell, who will carefully adjudicate thereon, and whether these reach an altogether satisfactory standard of poetic art or not, Mr. Mackenzie Bell will select the six several poems which in his honourable opinion are worthiest, and the prizes will be given in exact accordance with his award.

PREFACE

The Competition is open to any one, whether following Literature as a profession or not, and whether resident in Great Britain or abroad.

The names of the successful Competitors will be announced in due course.

As to length, we prefer the poem to contain from 120 to 200 lines, or thereabouts ; but we shall not disqualify a shorter or a longer work by reason thereof. At least one Prize will be awarded to a shorter Poem.

We cannot under any circumstances undertake the labour of correspondence with contributors or with the general public, and we desire no one to enclose us postage stamps for reply. We cannot *return* any MSS. voluntarily sent to us.

In THE THRUSH for September, No. 9. Erratum.—At p. 88, lines 6, 7, omit marks of quotation.

THE THRUSH cannot be obtained either at the Editorial or the Publishing Offices. The only way to obtain our periodical punctually is to order its regular delivery by a local bookseller or newsagent, price Fourpence per Month. An Edition de Luxe, now limited to 50 copies, is published at Half-a-Crown per Month. This Edition will become rare, and therefore valuable. Cloth gilt Reading Cases for the preservation of THE THRUSH can be had *through any bookseller* from Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., price One Shilling and Ninepence each.

THE FIRST VOLUME of THE THRUSH will be published on the 15th day of October. It contains 80 poems, mostly by eminent writers. It will be bound in cloth gilt, with gilt top edge. The price of this handsome book is Six Shillings nett; it is very suitable for a gift book.

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LXXIV.—SONNET—KING ALFRED.

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

LXXV.—LINES—

Relating to the effect in the City of London of the news of President McKinley's Death, on September 14th, 1901. By DR. HARRY ROBERTS; Author of "The Chronicle of a Cornish Garden," and General Editor of "Handbooks of Practical Gardening."

LXXVI.—BALLAD—THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING.

By THE EDITOR.

LXXVII.—FRAGMENT—DESTINY, AND I.

By NORMAN CARRUTHERS GOULD.

LXXVIII.—STANZAS—ONE DAY.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, Author of "Swallow Flights," "In the Garden of Dreams," "In Childhood's Country," and "At the Wind's Will."

LXXIX.—FRAGMENT—SHADOWS OF CLOUDS.

By THOS. VEASEY, Associate Mem. Inst. Civil Engineers.

LXXX.—POEM—VALE !

By the BARONESS VON BISSING.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

The Thrush.

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.



Alfred the Great.

(*A Shakspearean Sonnet.*)

"In my life I have striven to live so worthily that at my death I may leave but a memory of good works to those who come after me."

THUS Alfred spake, whose days were beads of prayer
Upon the rosary of his royal time,
Who let "I do" wait not upon "I dare,"
Yet both with duty kept in golden chime,
Who, great in victory, greater in defeat,
Greatest in strenuous peace, still suffering, planned
From Ashdown's field to Athelney's lone retreat
Upward for aye to lift this little land.
Therefore, the seed of his most fruitful sowing,
A thousand years gone by, on sea and earth
From slender strength to giant empire growing,
Hath made this little land of widest worth.
For which on Alfred's deathday each true heart
Goes out in praise of his immortal part.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE THRUSH

Lines

Relating to the effect in the City of London of the news of President McKinley's death on September 14, 1901.

ALONG the city's highway, midst the rush and din
Of busy money-seeking men filled with a grimy cloud
Of life, what misty and ominous figure comes,
Sending a thrill of terror through the sordid crowd?

Her name is muttered with cowardly bated breath,
As by skulking men discovered in natural pose,
Men full of shame for their lives and fearing to die,
Skulking men who crouch and hide as her way she goes.

Yet, for the noble strenuous man, death has no sting.
He has no need of warning, call whene'er she will,
His room is ever ready and his table set;
His soul erect with courage, and his conscience still.

We fear too much our dim, mysterious mother,
Whose function is not to destroy, but to fulfil.
No force can kill a Man; death merely liberates
A man from those rough husks which help to hide his soul;
No death can render noble life corruptible.

HARRY ROBERTS.

The Siege of Mafeking.

"All's well at Mafeking."—BADEN-POWELL. The constant official despatch during the siege.

A TIN town on the frontier, in a grim and gaunt October—
A town already famous as the pivot of the Raid,
War's storm-clouds threatened round it, and fateful heads grew sober,
As her citizens determined to defend it, unafraid.

The Union Jack was hoisted and the motley crowd paraded—
A tag-rag lot of Britishers as ever formed a square.
They knew their task a sullen one, but they took it up unaided.
And proud was he, the lion's cub, who had the lion's share!

Loud cheers rang out defiance when they knew themselves surrounded,
But not a man was craven at the opening cannonade;
Though in numbers but a handful, oh! heroes there abounded!
And dearly should their lives be sold, before their lives were paid.

The Boers swarmed thick as locusts and dreamed of sack and looting
As they reinforced their laagers with artillery around.
"Sit tight," was B. P.'s answer, "and when it comes to shooting,
Shoot straight!" "Hurrah!" Their echoing cheers showed that their hearts were sound.

THE THRUSH

Sound—but alas! too surely our armour was unbuckled;

The British cannon—old scrap iron, not fit for shooting buns.
Eight thousand Boers, with Cronje, outspanned and grinned and
chuckled,

With their ammunition ready and Krupp's great modern guns.

Eight thousand Boers was their full count; and ours eight
hundred only.

And we'd twenty tons of dynamite too dangerous to store,
So B. P. stuffed a train with it, and the engine left it lonely
Out on the line to Five Mile Spruit, a league away or more.

The Dutchmen went, suspicious, and tried her with a volley,

Then a roar rang out to Hell and a cloud hung o'er the deeps!
And after that explosion the besiegers deemed it folly
To venture indiscreetly on "the wolf that never sleeps."

There was little strength at Mafeking, except of hearts courageous,
But they cobbled muzzle-loaders up and dragged them up and
down,

And the townsfolk drilled till enterprise was a quality contagious,
And they made old gas-pipes into guns for the forts around
the town.

Then Bentinck and Fitz-Clarence, with the stokers Waine and Moffat,
Ran a steel-clad train with gunners along towards Signal Hill,
And they sent the Boer some bullets that he learned he could not
scoff at,

For where our rain of lead had swept the Boers were lying still.

Soon mounted men were moving in A squadron, under Brady,

And there was fire and fighting and death dealt to the Dutch;
And Cronje ceased to chuckle and began to feel afraid he
Had *rooineks* to tackle who would tease him over-much.

THE THRUSH

So he sent B.P. a letter full of insolent assurance,
With threatenings of bombardment, and he carried out his threat.
And a game began of patience, a trial of endurance,
And the British had to suffer, though they never learnt to fret.

The Boers had their Field-Cornets, their Cronjes and their Snyman ;
But we had Baden-Powell, and we knew him for a man.
Slim Piet perhaps was pious, and combined with that a sly man,
And he sometimes scored a trick or two, as he did at Kraaipan.

But when it came to soldiering, to good tough work and fighting,
It was long odds in our favour, through Baden-Powell's grace.
What if our guns were obsolete? it made the game exciting.
One man was more than all their store—one of the English race.

He'd the sauce of any school-boy, and the freshness of the daisy
That whitens all the fields at home in the merry month of May.
And his weather eye was open, like a sailor's when it's hazy,
And he was just as smart as paint and as wide awake as Day.

His gay and jaunty discipline, his spirit of defiance,
Filled the beleaguered garrison, inspired us with his pluck ;
And from his careless whistle even women caught reliance,
And buoyancy in peril and confidence in luck.

Hard Famine came, and Fever ; whilst shot fell hurtling daily,
And screaming shell for weeks and months ; but still the
Union Jack
Fluttered above the battlements and waved our challenge gaily,
Whilst the Boer foe, afraid to strike, still kept us on the rack.

Poor women! God above us! God have pity on the mothers!
For siege-born baby-children, unsuckled, starving, died ;
Yet our heroines were stalwart and determined as the others,
And, dry-breasted, sullen, steadfast, made their sacrifice with pride.

THE THRUSH

The Briton can be dogged and patient and forbearing ;

But when the children suffer and tender women ache,
It is hard to listen dumbly, or to listen only swearing

At the howl of a bombardment and simply lie awake.

So one night brave Fitz-Clarence a fighting few selected—

A band of faithful fighting men, and stole forth to attack,
Across the veldt all silently, by Night's dark wings protected.

God lead them on to victory ! God guide them victors back !

No stir made they. Their voices were hushed, their footfalls muffled ;

But once they halted on the march. List, 'tis the click of steel !
Now had they fixed their bayonets. Loud beat their hearts unruffled.

Into the trench they, cheering, leapt, blind fury in their zeal !

In the blood-lust of the soldier, in the ecstasy of battle,

The sabre of Fitz-Clarence was whirling left and right ;
And heads were leaping, severed, ere their tongues had ceased to
prattle :

So sudden was the slaughter that sanguinary night.

Ah, then was blood and terror—the cries of burghers, flying ;

Cold steel, and thrust of bayonets, and havoc of the butt ;
The upward lift of the furious arm ; the gasps of wounded, dying—
A hideous carnage and red death, War's ghastly maw to glut !

Thus from their dens and shambles the scattered Boers, inglorious,

Were driven out in terror, a thrashed and craven horde ;
And back again to Mafeking the Britons marched, victorious,

Proud of their dripping bayonets, proud of their Captain's sword.

God knows what our men suffered in frost and sweltering weather,

Thirsty, short-rationed, fevered, sniped-at and shelled and shot ;
But when lean Hunger wore them, and the troopers groused together,

They thought of the land they fought for, and then, despairing
not—

THE THRUSH

They talked of home ; of England ; of the little Isle of Roses,

Where the linnets lisp so lovingly and daffodillies blow—
Where old folks in the cottages sit, as the daylight closes,

'Neath bowers of honeysuckle, with the shining sea below.

Till in that dreary desert a mirage rose before them

Of pretty English gardens, of hearty village cheer,
Of meadows green and moorlands with the breezes blowing o'er them,
Of healthy sports and cricket and nut-brown draughts of beer,

Till they hated the Molopo, the dreary veldt un-watered

And "*Greitje's*" ceaseless screaming from the fort at Jackal Tree ;
But grew yet more determined, they'd not yield till they were
slaughtered—

Determined to maintain the flag, the banner of the Free.

They'd not the faintest notion they were winning wreaths of glory.

They were modest, they were valiant, for duty, not for gain ;
Nor knew they that the page they wrote in the Imperial story
Was gemmed by their immortal deeds, and splendid through
their pain.

They were steady—always steady in their desperate resistance ;

In the fight at Cannon Koppie, in thefeat of Game Tree Hill,
And in Major Godley's exploit, and Lord Cecil's long persistence,
And in Sarel Eloff's capture, they were men of iron will.

Stray letters with the perfume of their sweethearts' thoughts and
kisses,

Through dark-skinned Kaffir-runners, reached the haggard
soldiers there,

And they longed to see an Army thread the weary wildernesses,
To raise the siege ere they were spent, ere leanness wore
them bare.

THE THRUSH

Now, who are these stout troopers with the plumes of ostrich feathers,

These gallants riding up the street, with proud Imperial mien,
With their tossing bridles jingling and yellow saddle-leathers?

“ Hurrah! Hurrah! 'Tis the Relief! Hurrah! God Save the Queen !”

The siege is raised ; is history ; the long, long siege is ended :

And our children and grandchildren shall to their children tell
How the few defied the many and how nobly they defended

That little town of sand and tin, and their pass-word brave,
“ All's Well.”

MULLETT ELLIS



Destiny, and I.

LIFE is a compass on a ship at sea ;

I am the needle ; North—my destiny.

No matter whether rough or calm the billows,

Or roaring hurricane that onward speeds ;

A wreath of laurels,—or a wreath of willows ;

I follow Destiny, where'er she leads.

NORMAN CARRUTHERS GOULD.

THE THRUSH

One Day.

How glad we were of the morn,
When the royal sun climbed high,
And the winds went wild with glee,
And the birds flew singing by—

Till the swift, bright hours were spent,
And the scornful stars looked down,
For Night is stronger than Day,
And hearts turn cold at its frown.

Ah well, it is so with Life—
We hope—we despair—we die—
We joy in the transient strife—
Then low in the dust we lie:

And over us blossoms creep—
And the moon and the stars look down—
What matter, when we are asleep—
We heed neither smile nor frown.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



Shadows of Clouds.

SHADOWS of clouds like ships that pass,
Whose seas are waving meadow grass,
Green rollers shining in the light,
Starred with the foam of daisies white,
Swaying and bending to the breeze
With murmur as of far-off seas.

THOS. VEASEY.

THE THRUSH

Vale !

LEAN down and take thy fill of me, dear Love,
Thou know'st at last that I am all thine own.
Lavish thy kisses on my amber hair,
And lift dear eyes deep steeped in love for me,
Until thy rose mouth's majesty meet mine.
Then kiss me once between the winglike brows,
Just where the thick-curled hair clasps lovingly
The pallid temples where the blue veins ebb.
Look ! how below the tender darkling sea
Reflects the glances of the tardy moon,
Which slowly creeps with silver-sandalled feet
Up to her star-strewn throne in highest Heaven.
The hours are brief, dear heart, for Love's delight,
Too soon the Dawn with glowing finger tips
Will strew with roses all the pallid East.
Hark ! even now so fleet Love's hour has sped,
The first bird wakens, 'tis our note of doom.
We part, but ever at our dead heart's shrine
Will burn the gleaming lamp of Memory,
Hanging like fairest jewel in the gloom,
Lighting the ways of Darkness and of Death.

MAY VON BISSING.

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST VOLUME.²⁴⁵

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